

THE
Rewards of Vertue;
A
COMEDIE.

By
J. F. Gent.



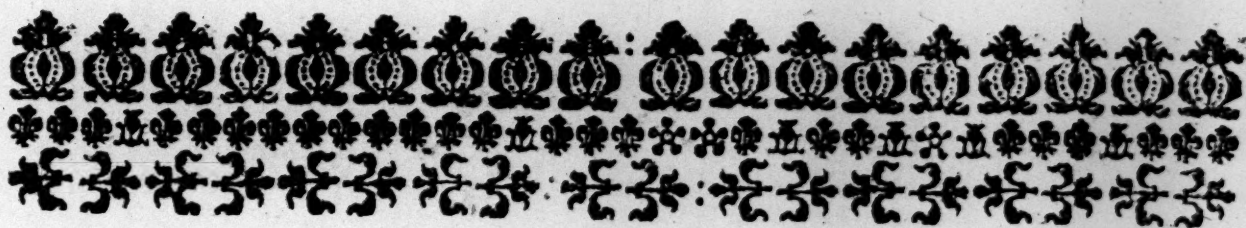
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THE
REWARDS OF VIRTUE

COMPLIMENT

TO

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LONDON



The Persons.

BASILIUS, *the King.*
THEANDER, *the Prince.*

The PRIEST.

PYRRHUS, *a Lord of the Court, the Kings
confident.*

NEANDER, *a vain Lord of high birth.*

ENDYMION, *a Lord of a small fortune.*

GERON, *an old jealous Knight, husband to
PHRONESIA.*

The QUEEN.

CLEANTHA, *a young Princess, Neece to the
QUEEN.*

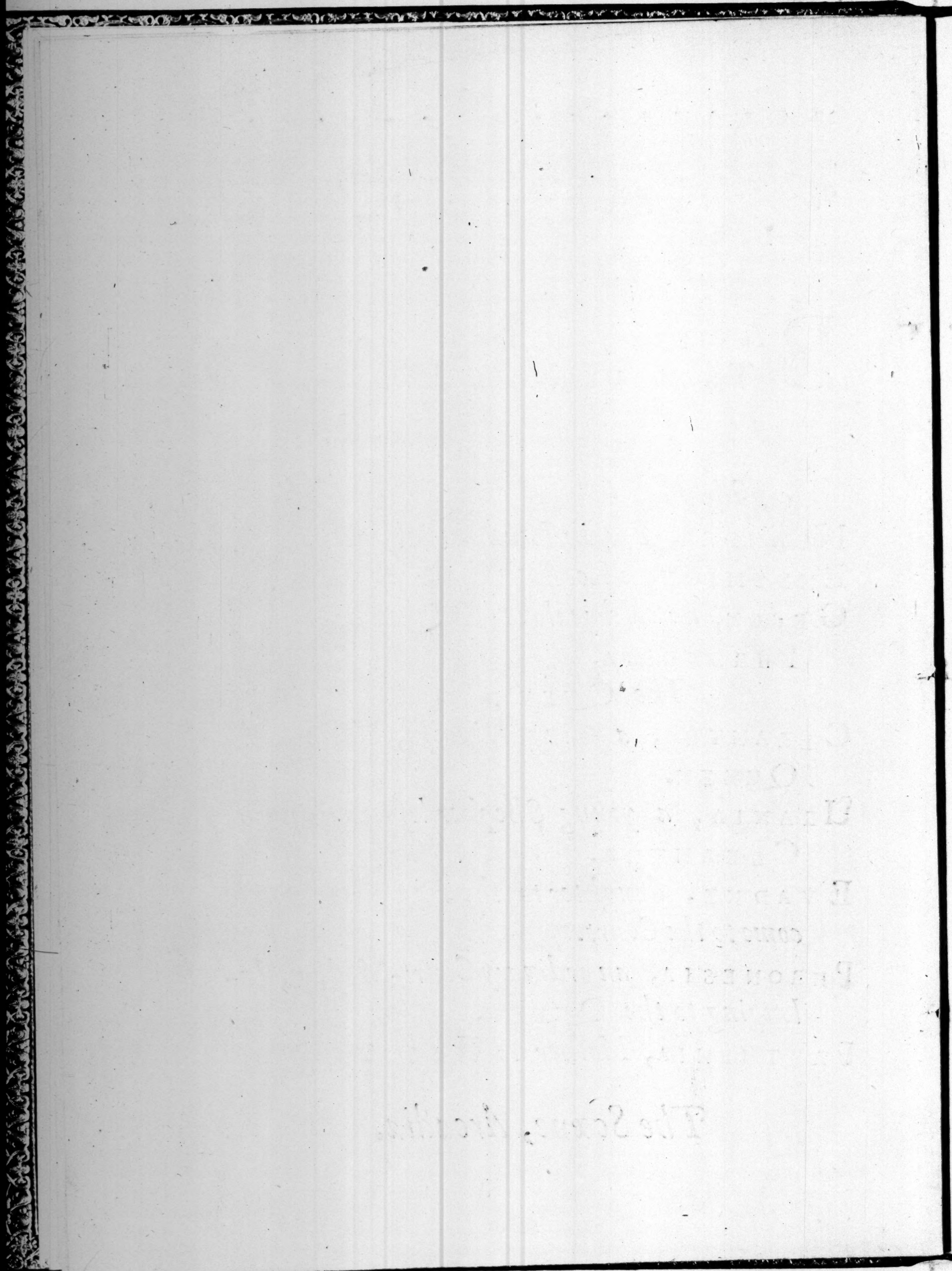
URANIA, *a young Shepherdess waiting on
CLEANTHA.*

EVADNE, *daughter to the PRIEST, newly
come to the Court.*

PHRONESIA, *an ordinary Court-Madam, be-
longing to the QUEEN.*

PARTHENIA, *Mother to URANIA.*

The Scène, Arcadia.



Actus I. Scœna I.

Enter Pyrrhus, Neander, and Endymion.

(wonders.)

Pyrrh. **B**elieve't, my Lords, they say the Prince doth

Neand. They say he kills a world of men indeed.

But 'faith, I think the wonder'd greater been,

Had he made but half so many live.

Pyrrh. Perchance my Lord, you'd have him turn Phyfician.

Nean. Rather then Butcher; 'tis the nobler Trade.

Pyrrh. Why? but they are his enemies he kills,
Men that offend, and do deserve to die.

Neand. Oh! then I think you'll praise the Hang-man next;
You give a definition of his Trade.

Pyrrh. If I do not mistake your humour Sir,
You never were much taken with this dying:
It is a thing (I do confess) doth mar
A Courtier much.

Neand. Why faith my Lord 'tis true.

Let broken Merchants and the busie rout
Who durt the Streets, when their designs miscarry,
Cry that there's nothing certain in this world;
I think there's less in that which is to come.
Here I am sure of something: I'm a Lord,
And live with Men. But to be turn'd a grazing
In the *Elysian-Fields* that men do talk of,
Among Philosophers ne'er could make a leg,
Who purblind grew with viewing of those Stars
Ne'er made them worth a groat; and took strange pains
In measuring Sea and Land, when they'd more need
To have a Taylor come and measure them;
In troth my Lord, here's blessed Companie;
Who would not change this world for such a life?

B

Endym.

Endym. Fie, fie, *Neander*. This is too prophane,
And rellisheth far more of beast then man.

Neand. My Lord, I ask you pardon : I'd forgot
You are a *Vertiosi* — 'Tis my Lord *Pyrrhus*
That makes me wander from my argument,
By putting me in mind o'th' world to come :
(A Theam indeed, on which few men speak sence) ---
But to the matter first propos'd, --- My Lord,
The thing I only stuck at, was that you
(So wise a man) should give so mighty Names
To killing Men. Why ! celebrate the Plague ;
What General ever did destroy like that ?
Or study glorious Titles for old-age,
That kills all those, whom nothing else can kill.
Great Warriors are but the journey-men
Of fatal *Atropos*, whose swords she useth
To cut mens lives off, but to save her sheers,
Which else had sure been edgeless long ago
With too much work ; and we (for ought I see)
By this time might have all immortal been,
Having by long dying worn out Death it self.

[*Endymion smiles*]

Pyrrh. My Lord, 'faith he that dares dispute with you,
Must be a cunning Sophister, I see ;
Must be content to give you victory,
Without receiving truth in exchange for't.

Neand. The truth is, my Lords, in short, you have all the
wit, though I have all the talk — Fare you well ; I be-
lieve I shall not much mar your discourse by my absence,
nor will you much mend my manners by your presence : a-
dieu.

[*Exit Neand.*]

Pyrrh. 'Tis a mad Lord as e'er was born : 'twere pretty
(If possible) to fit within his skull,
And take a Prospect of his giddy thoughts,
Which do like Centaurs seem, half Man, half Beast.

Endym. He's too prophane ; and chuseth to buy wit
At the expence of Friends, Religion,

And

And all, but Ladies smiles ; which he more values,
Then honest Men do the kinde looks of Heaven.

Pyrrh. And nothing hates like Reputation won
By Arms. He hates all Deities, for *Mars* his sake ;
And swears that Generals onely famous grow
By valiant Friends, or cowardly Enemies ;
Or (what is worse) by some mean piece of chance.

Endym. The truth's, my Lord, 'tis pretty to observe
How little Princes and great Generals
Contribute oft-times, to the fame they win.

How often hath't been found, that noblest mindes
With too short arms have fought with fatal Stars ?
And have endeavoured with their dearest blood
To mollifie those Diamonds where dwell
The fate of Kingdoms ; and at last have fallen
By vulgar hands ; unable now to do
More for their cause then dy ; and have been lost
Among the sacrifices of their own swords,
No more remembred then poor Villagers
Whose ashes sleep beneath the common flowers
That every meadow wearse whilst other men
With trembling hands have caught a victory,
And on pale fore-heads worn triumphant bayes.

Pyrrh. Believe't, 'tis true.

Endym. Besides, my Lord, I've thought,
A thousand times ; in times of War, when we
Lift up our hands to Heaven for victory ;
Suppose some Virgin Shepherdes, whose soul
'S as chaste, and clean, as the cold spring where she
Quench's all her thirsts, being told of enemies
That seek to fright the long-enjoyed Peace
Of our *Arcadia* hence with sound of Drums ;
And with Horse, Trumpets, Warlike Ayrs, to drown
The harmless Musick of her Oaten Reedes ;
Should in the passion of her troubled spright
Repair to some small Fane (such as the Gods
Hear poor folks from) and there on humble knees

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Lift up her trembling hands to holy *Pan*,
And beg his helps : it's possible to think
That Heaven, which counts the purest vows most rich,
May not permit her still to weep in vain,
But grant her wish, (for would the Gods ne'er hear
The pray'rs of poor folks, they'd ne'er bid them pray)
And so, in the next Action happeneth out,
(The Gods still using means) the enemy
May be defeated. The glory of all this
Is attributed to the General,
And none but he's spoke loud of for the Act,
Whilst she from whose so unaffected tears
His Lawrel sprung, for ever dwells unknown.

Pyrrh. Your Lordship doth not doubt the Prince his merit.

Endym. By no means, Sir; I know the Prince a man
Who owns a soul of that vast magnitude,
That flesh did never circumscribe a greater :
And merits so much from the vertuous world,
By's rare example, that the world it self
Were but too mean a present to requite him.
All that I say, is what I've thought upon
Some hours of sweet retirement, when I've sat
And view'd the fleeting state of poor man-kind,
A thing too giddy to be understood.

Pyrrh. Indeed the Prince doth more then give us hopes:
Arcadia shall command those Provinces
Who lately thought our long and happy Peace
Had soft'ned so our mindes, that now we were
Fit to be lorded over by their wills.
But strange it is to see the King so little
Joy'd with the news, that still he wears a face
More troubled then *Cicilian* Seas in storms :
And all but for the love of that poor Maid
The Prince not ten months since took from a Cottage:
As he a hunting was, and gave the fair
Cleantha for a present.

Endym. Who! *Urania*?

Pyrrh. Yes.---But stay; I see him coming [Enter King.
Let

Let us retire. It may be we shall hear
Some of the thoughts that trouble him.

Endym. Hush.

King. -- Ah ! VWhere will this tyrant end ? Heav'n ! shall
Be Priest, and Sacrifice, and Altar too, (I still
Unto a passion I can satisfie,

But never conquer ? what poor things are Kings !

What poorer things are Nations to obey

Him whom a petty Passion doth command ?

Fate, why was man made so ridiculous ? ———

But I can quench my Flame. And where my prayers

Have not prevail'd, my power can command.

Who in *Arcadia* dare resist my will ? ———

—— But, stay ! —— When this poor Maid, sprung from a
Low as the Cottage where she first saw light, (stock

Shall call on Vertue, and the Gods to keep

Her body (they too weakly have expos'd)

White as her soul, which all the world can't sully ;

Shall I (whom men call sacred, and divine,

And look on as deriv'd from Ancestors

VWho have not Tombs but Altars) without shame,

And thousand blushes, dare with ruder force

To drive poor Vertue from her cleanest Temple,

And use that power the Gods have given me

O'er others, but t'offend them how I please ?

By Heaven, by Heaven, I will not. —— But I dy.

Oh I am mortal. Men but flatter me.

Oh fate, why were not Kings made more then Men ?

Or why will people have us to be more ?

Alas ! we govern others, but our selves

VVe cannot rule ; as our eyes that do see

All other things, but cannot see themselves.

I must submit. —— I am a King, but L O V E.

'S a Deity —— I am resolv'd to trie

Whether *Urania* will Love, or die.

I'll in, and faithful *Pyrrhus* streight shall prove

My fate. Lords must be Pimps, when Kings do love. *Exit King*

Pyrrhus.

[*Pyrrhus and Endymion appeare again.*]

Pyrrh. He's gone.

Endym. But he first thought on your employment.

Pyrrh. Truth, I have had already but too much on't,

Endym. Have you then been the *Mercury* between
Him and the fair *Urania* ?

[*Pyrrh.* Yes, I have

Already done what Language and Rewards

Have power to do. But she's as deaf to this

As blind to those. She seemeth not to see

Ought shine but Vertue.

[*Endym.* But, what can she say,

Poor Country Girl? VWhere can she find words

And resolution when you do assault her?

Pyrrh. VWhy 'faith my Lord, I'll tell you. VWhen I first
Mention'd the business to her all alone,

Poor soul she blush'd, as if already she

Had done some harm, by hearing of me speak;

VWhilst from her pretty eyes two Fountains run

So true, so native, down her fairest Cheeks,

As if she thought her self oblig'd to cry,

'Cause all the world was not so good as she.

Endym. aside. Heaven ! how doth this carriage please me ?

Pyrrh. For my own part, I know not what to say,

Her tears so innocently beg'd my pity,

That I was straight turn'd over to her side ;

And had forgot the cause for which I strove,

'Till rallying once again, I once more gave

A new assault, and urg'd her to an answer.

All her reply was, No ; then humbly pray'd me

Not to be cruel to a poor weak maid

VWho had not any thing in all the world

To give her credit, but her innocence.

VWith such success as this I often have

Affail'd her vertue, adding promises

Of all things I could suppose might tempt her ;

But all in vain. This Ermyne will not be

Per-

Perfwaded from the whiteness she so loves.

Endym. And do you think the King will now use force ?

Pyrrh. You heard him what he said. I cannot tell.

'Tis hard to say what men whom reason guides

Intend to do, much more whom passion rides.——

But let's away : I would not have him know

VVe were so neer the venting of his thoughts.

Endym. There comes my Lord *Leander*, let's away.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Neander, Cleantha, and Urania waiting on her.

Neand. How doth this hour transport my soul with Joy,
To have the blessed priviledge to be

With fair *Cleantha* —— the best Princess.——

Cleanth. I'm glad it makes some body happy Sir.

Neand. With her who hath my heart——

Cleanth. Have it I, Sir ? Pray my Lord then take it again,
for I would not be troubled with the keeping such a bauble
for all the world.

Neand. She, whom great Nature, now grown wanton, made
To look upon and scorn her other works.

Cleanth. My Lord, I see you are resolv'd not to studie to no
purpose. You will have out your Complement, let me say
what I please. But, by the by, I hope you will not be angry
if I prove somewhat like my scornful Mother (as you say)
and make you the first example of it. Fare you well.

Neanth. Nay, Madam ; I beseech your Highness ——

Cleand. Nay, my Lord, now I have put you out of your
Complement, I'll tarry a little longer.

Neand. Madam, You are cruel. How do you kill---

Cleanth. Kill, *Neander* ? No sure, for then you would be
affraid to come neer me.

Neand. Great Princess, You are cruel. But I ne'er
Could fear Death from so fair a hand as yours.

Cleanth. Perchance you do your self the justice to think
that such will not foul their fingers about you. I beleeve,
in-

indeed, my Lord, You fear Death least from the hands of a woman, which is the reason you chuse to tarry here at Court among the Ladies, rather then go to the War with the Prince.

Neand. Madam, You Ladies have a Priviledge.

Cleanth. Yes, my Lord, it's sometimes a Priviledge to speak Truth.

Neand. Faith Madam, You may say what you please.

Cleanth. Pardon me, my Lord; it would please me much better if I could say you were in the war in *Thessalia*.

Neand. Why truly Madam, I could give your Highness very good reasons why I went not to the war with the Prince.

Cleanth. I believe you can, my Lord: and so can every body else that knows your Lordship. It was because you were affraid.

Neand. Do not disgrace me so, Madam, I beseech you. It was for very different reasons.

Cleanth. Truly my Lord, You will give very much satisfaction to the world, if you say what they are; and very much undeceive them.

Neand. Why then, Madam, to tell you truly, I am somewhat troubled with Corns, so that I cannot without pain wear a riding Boot: And then I am strangely subject to the Tooth-ake, which makes me very unfit to lie in the Field. Which, indeed, were the two main reasons made me to refuse the war.

Cleanth. What pity it is so brave a minde should be thus unluckily hindred from shewing it self!

Neand. Madam, I perceive you jeer me.

Cleanth. What a quick apprehension you have, my Lord! And do not you perceive you merit it?----But the Queen will expect me, and possibly Sir, you are by this time somewhat satisfied with my company: adieu.

Exeunt Cleanth. and Urania.

Neand. Pox take her for me, for all she is so great a Lady. But what an ass was I to be so out of countenancer! Well, faith,

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I even see I must go and be drunk, to recover my self again :
for at the present, by *Jove*, I am damnably cow'd.

[*Exit. Neand.*]

Enter Endymion sol.

Endym. Alas my poor *Urania* ! how doth
Thy harder fortune vindicate my choyce ?
Who now dare say *Endymion* lov'd too low
When he lov'd her that can make Princes die ?
No more, no more, we must scorn Cottages ;
These are the Rocks from whence our Jewels come.
Gold breeds in barren Hills, the brightest Stars
Shine ore the poorer Regions of the North.

But, say my dear ! why didst thou cast away
Thy Beams, to thaw that Ice, which but makes clouds
To sully thy own face ? Unwise *Urania*,
Let me a little chide thee now. — But Fool ;
Can *Urania* chuse but to be fair ?
Can she help it that she'th pretty eyes ?
Or gather the soft Roses from her cheeks ?
Is't in her power to make her lips less coral,
Her Teeth less Pearls ? Or will her breasts obey her
If she go bid them to be snow no more ?

No, poor *Urania* ; come, we'll both chide Nature ;
'Twas she, 'twas she alone dealt hardly with thee,
When she made thee fairer then all others.
Or else 'twas Fortune, when she took thee from
The fresh delights of thy still Hermitage.
There had'st thou liv'd, and by some silver Brook
Unenvied sang away thy softer hours,
And kill'd a thousand Shepherds with thy eyes ;
There hadst thou gather'd Jewels from the Fields
To deck thee with, more beautious then thy Pearls,
And like a Queen hadst chang'd them every day :
There hadst thou never wept, but for the fate
Of some poor Lamb perchance, which us'd to lay

C

Her

Her sleepy head upon thy lap ; No Kings
 Had threatned thee for being vertuous,
 Nor Ladies envi'd thee for being fair.
 Perfections then had been no sins ; but had
 Receiv'd the little Tributes which kinde nature
 Gives to those honest folks who dwell with her.
 And had she been *content*, she had been *rich*.
 And folks thus rich can never be made poor, —
 But stay — I hear some coming : I'll away,
 And search her out : may be she needs my help.

[*Exit. Endym.*]

Enter Queen and Phronesia.

Queen. And is the old Knight so jealous, *Phronesia* ? It
 may be you give him cause.

Phron. No other cause an't please your Majesty, but that I
 am with child.

Queen. He knew not that (you say) untill this morning.

Phron. He knew not certain Madam, till this morning. But
 he hath more then doubted me these fourteen days.

Queen. Why did he marry, if he thought he could not get
 thee with child ?

Phrones. I cannot tell, an't please your Majesty.

Queen. Why dost not ask him ?

Phron. I have.

Queen. And what saith he ?

Phron. He told me — —

Queen. What did he tell thee ?

Phron. An't please your Majesty, you cann't imagine his
 wicked intentions.

Queen. What did he tell thee ?

Phron. He told me he married only to keep me honest.

Queen. But now it seems he is convinc'd, 'tis more then he
 can do.

Phrones. Every man best knows his own abilities.

Queen. Well, *Phronesia*, I must talk with you a little more.
 But

But this place is not altogether so convenient for it. Follow me.

[*Exeunt Queen and Thrones.*]

Enter Priest and Evadne.

Priest — Well now, *Evadne*, my dear child, thou art Come forth upon the Worlds great Stage; and it Must be my care, first to advise thee, then To pray for thee. And this is all that's in My power to do. The rest must be the Gods And thy part to perform. Yet thou'rt innocent, (Oh mayst thou still be so, my childe!) yet know'st not Ought but the holy practices of cells, Where vertuous Matrons have instructed thee.

But now the Scene is chang'd: the Queens commands Have brought thee to the Court, to wait on her. Th'impoyment truely Noble; and thou hast In her the brightest Pattern of true Vertue That all the world can boast of. But thou'lt finde Few more besides, whose wandering paths are safe.

Those of thy Sex, thou'lt find so strangely vain, That they can think they've curl'd, and patch'd, and wash'd Themselves even into little Deities. They do believe that wanton men speak truth, When to consume those hours they care not for, They tell them that their eyes are more then Stars, Their cheeks more rosie then the mornings face, And coral learnt its redness from their lips.

And by degrees they do so strangely cheat Themselves (poor souls) into the fond belief That they not only are the fairest, but The wisest too; and will not be content With all the beauty, without all the wit. And now they are attain'd to that degree, All must admire, but none must merit them; Untill that Time (too old to complement)

Takes from them all those little Ornaments
Which wanton Nature had adorn'd them with
And then they do awake, the Dream is done,
The Market fall's, and some distressed Knight
Unenvi'd bears away what all had courted.

This is the common Fate of your poor Sex,
(To pass by what is worse, yet but too common)
When they get great opinions of themselves.

Therefore *Evadne*, let me pray thee still
Keep thy best Jewel, thy humility.
For since thou ne'er wilt be more innocent
Then now thou art, thou ne'er wilt have more reason
To think well of thy self then thou hast now.

If thou wear'st better cloaths; alas, consider,
Each little little Flower that doth in Meadows grow
Is better clad then thee, yet is not proud.

Hence mayst thou shun that common vice of Courts,
Scorn and contempt of others, which oft' have
A nobler Vertue, though a meaner fortune.
For know, *Evadne*, that this lower world
In which we dwell, is not distributed
According to folks merits: the Gods preserve
That justice for those nobler Regions which
Themselves inhabit. Here the mighty are
Like mighty Mountains, high, but seldom fertile;
The richest soyl is in low Valleys found.
Devotion oft-times weeps in humble cells,
Whilst under gilded roofs profaness sings.
This is this the world, *Evadne*. — But to come
To what I've else to say, Thy next temptation
Will be to love (for hardly 'twixt those Ills
Of easie love and scorn, do Maidens well
Direct their course) know, thou wilt surely have
Enough to court thee; some cause 'tis the mode;
Others because they 've nothing else to say;
And wiser folks, because they think me rich.

But know, *Evadne*, that to marry, is,

The greatest action of our lives, and merits
 The greatest of our cares; and therefore if
 Thou think'st me wiser then thy self, commit
 This to my breast. But above all, I warn thee
 Against *Neander*: Though thou see'st him rich
 In cloathes, as if he would authorize vice,
 Ye he's a vain, profane, and idle person;
 One that would make me hate the name of father,
 Should he but call me so. ——— But who's that yonder?

Evad. I think Sir his name is *Geron*.

Priest. It is so. An impertinent old fellow, that will
 trouble me. Let's away. The Queen (I suppose) will
 by this time expect you. Think over what I've told
 you.

[*Exeunt Priest and Evad.*]

Enter Geron sol.

Geron. ——— And have not I brought my self into a sweet
 condition now? ——— Heavens! nothing grieveth me but
 that I am an old fool. Why, could not I remember how
 many I had cuckold my self? and to think I should not be
 served in the same kind if ever I married, was to suppose nei-
 ther wickedness nor justice in the world. How could I ima-
 gine that any one of the lower rate of Court-Ladies would
 ever keep her self honest three minutes, when once she feared
 neither the danger of taking Savine, nor a big-belly? With-
 out all doubt, now the Priest hath given her leave to eat
 flesh, she runs from dish to dish, like a starved prisoner
 at a feast, who for three months hath had only the privi-
 ledge to think of meat; and that's the reason her belly is
 so soon full. I might have been these four years a getting
 her ——— by the rate I went to work with her; but now
 (I think) I could do it with my horns, were it to do again.
 Ah! *Geron, Geron!* What a cocks-comb art thou in thy
 old age? A reverent fool! How prettily do horns min-
 gle with thy gray hairs? And yet thou art likely to cause
 more

more laughter than a wit. Heaven ! What a condition am I in ? My Lord *Pyrrhus*, he's a man of an aspiring spirit, and of what else, the world may imagine ; but my head must have a hard bargain of it. My Lord *Edymion* he's a Poet, forsooth, and can finde no other place but my reverend fore-head for his forked *Parnassus*. And for my Lord *Neander*, the Priest convinced him the other day that adultery was a very great sin ; and that is reason enough for him to lie at rack and manger. What a conspiracie is there here to make me a cuckold ? O that I had now but the generosity to hang my self ? Now do I perfectly perceive the pains that poor Children indure at the coming of their teeth, by the coming of my horns. How happy was I when I was a young man, when my care was only to keep my hair from forking, and I gave every Barber a fee for a receipt : but Oh that I had got but one receipt to keep my head from forking, in this my old age ! Wicked *Phronesia*, How hast thou used me ? How hast thou affronted my weakness, that thou hast made a collection through all the Court for a big-belly ?——But, what a comfortable fight will it be to me, to see her lie in ? what a deal of pleasure I shall take to pay the Midwife and Nource ? Well, it is now in my own power to make my self maz'd immediately. O, O, O.

I must away, I must. But ah ! I dread
I near shall get these horns out of my head.——

[*Exit Geron as in a fury.*]

Finis Act. prim.

Actus

Actus 2. Scœna 1.

Enter Pyrrhus and Urania, as in a Garden.

Pyrrh.— **V****V**ELL, Madam *Urania*! You imagine my business. As long as you are pretty, folks will be amorous. You know my meaning.——

Uran. The Heavens forbid.——

Pyrrh. Sure 'tis the twentieth time I've told you it, And must you hear it o'er again once more? I hope my business then is almost done, When thus you love the repetition of it.

Uran. My Lord! Oh add not injury to my misfortune!— Oh! pity; rather pity a poor Girl Who fain would seem to be as innocent As late she was, and not to understand How harmless words by men are turn'd to sins.

Pyrrh. Why should you be thus obstinate? To be A Mistress to a King; what greater honour Can those you serve ere hop'e t'aspire to?

Uran. A Mistress to a King! No, no, you'd have me To be a Servant to his vice; an honour I should not envie her that sought my raine.

Pyrrh. Is love a vice, *Urania*? Then surely nature Did make us vitious when she did immerse Love in the very beings of all Creatures.

Search the great Universe, and shew me there What (but affrighted man) is not as free To satisfie his loves, as thirst or hunger? They near dispute the lawfulness of what Is natural. No stone was e'er so dull To make't a case of conscience whether it Should follow 'ts natural motion to the Centre.

Love's

Love's natures representative, to whom she seems
 To 've taught her Trade, and instituted it
 Still to continue all her self had made ;
 Without which (surely) this whole world had been
 But one poor Generation, and each species
 Had been made up but of one He and She.

Uran. You do do well, my Lord, when you intend
 Unlawful loves, to instance not in men
 But beasts.—But let me ever be
 Of that affrighted number who follow vertue,
 Rather then your examples with four feet.

Pyrrh. Mistaken Sophistress ! How much more power-
 Dost thou dispute with those soft eyes of thine, (fully
 Then with thy pretty tongue ? Let these then be
 Rather imploy'd to see thy errour, then
 This to defend it. Know, that instances
 In beasts, do hold in men, when they relate
 Unto that Nature which is truly common
 Unto them both : And such is this of Love.
 They cannot Say their passions like to us,
 But they can Meane them with as strong an Ardor.
 And though they do not sing their loves in verse,
 Like men ; they do attain them less in prose.
 And is this wickedness ! Sure vice is known
 By its own fruit ; and what do these bring forth ?
 Thy sheep, *Urania*, gave thee gentle Lambs,
 The warmer Goat brought forth a pritty Kid
 That thou wouldst play withall : And wilt thou blame
 That play which did produce thy play-fellow ?

No, no, *Urania* ! Love, like men, was free,
 Ere power and laws had taught them both the use
 Of chaynes and fetters (Nature ne'er confin'd
 Her noblest creature to the narrowest prison,
 Nor gave him inclinations to torment him)
 And therefore when thy Prince, who only doth
 In right abridge thy other liberties,
 Shall offer to restore thee this, thou maist

As

As freely take it as thou might'st the rest.

Uran. How is the King (my Lord) oblig'd unto you,
To serve whom, even in sin, you can permit
Your noblest faculties to abuse each other,
Your Reason to abuse your Love? But say, my Lord!
Do you do well to plant so mighty Engines
Against so weak a Fort, that is design'd
Only a poor shelter unto Innocence?

Pyrrh. Well, *Urania*! I do perceive you still
Make me to toil in vain: But (though 'tis hard
And painful to deliver harder dooms
To pretty folks) yet I must plainly tell you,
The King's resolv'd to leave you but this choice,
Either to Love, or Die; to be the Subject
Of his Revenge or Pleasure: answer quickly,
And answer wisely: For (believ't *Urania*)
If you refuse his Love, this hour's your last.

Uran. Sure Sir, the King's more just — *She cries.*

Pyrrh. By Heaven it's true.

Uran. Then Heavens more merciful--- Unfortunate,
Unfortunate *Urania*, what canst thou do? (live.---

Pyrrh. What? Thou canst grant the Kings desires; and
Come, be brief. Here's one at hand will have small pity on you.

Uran. Oh, my Lord, pity me! pity a distressed Maid.
[She kneels.]

Pyrrh. *Urania*, pity your self, and pity a Prince that loves
Come, do not cast away thy self: You're young, (you.
And (if you please) have many years to live,
And pleasant ones. Be wise ere't be too late!

Uran. My Lord, what shall I do?

Pyrrh. Why love the King.
Say but the word, and hee'll presently be here.

Uran. And must I loose my Innocence?

Pyrrh. Come, come, *Urania* live. The King will streight be with you.
I'll turn the Lock, and keep you sure till then.

Ex. Pyrrh. and locks the door.

D

Uran.

Uran. sol. Unhappy Maid ; wretched *Urania*,
 Thou art undone , for evermore undone.
 Lost to the World, or Innocence. Thy choice
 Is either to be wicked, or to die ;
 To loose thy Virginpurity, or life.
 Ay me, unblest ! What black, what fatal Star
 Shone sad misfortune at thy birth ? How happy,
 How blest hadst thou been still, hadst thou still dwelt
 'Mongst those who wear poor cloaths, and honour Verrue ;
 Whose chaster Loves made Love a Deity.

What will thy Mother say, when she shall hear
Urania is not Innocent ? And what
 Will thy brave Lover think, who ne'er approacht thee
 But with a flame as pure as that which burns
 On holy *Vesta's* Altars. No, no ; die,
 Die, die, unfortunate , but chaste *Urania*.
 Never be thrifty of that blood which must
 But serve to blush that it preserv'd it self.

Endymion from behind an Arbor.

Endym. --- 'Tis not safe to tarry longer. Poor Soul, her love
 To me may prove her ruine. Now I see
 She loves me, and I must improve my time.

He appears.

My dear *Urania* ! ----- Why these Tears ?

Uran. Is this *Endymions* Ghost ? -----

Endym. No, 'tis his Body, Madam. -----

He imbraceth her.

Uran. Then ne'er more welcome.

Dear my Lord ! *Urania* is undone.

Endym. Not so, because *Endymion* lives. ---- Know,
Urania's ruine never can be writ
 But in *Endymions* blood.

Uran. Undone beyond
Endymions help, because to help her is
 To be a Traytor now.

Endym. If to assist
 My Queen be to rebell, then let me wear

The

The glorious Name of Traytor.

Uran. Ah ! my Lord,
You know not what I mean.

Endym. Yes, yes, my Dear,
Yond Arbor was my covert, whilst I heard
Pyrhus assault thy Noble Innocence.

Uran. And can you help me now, my Lord?

Endym. I can ;
And I will shew you how I can. ---- But know,
Know my *Urania*, I have lov'd thee long,
And lov'd thee with a holy flame. My Hopes
And all my Longings have as vertuous been,
As those of pious Votaries, who court
Strait-lac'd Religion. All my sighs and tears
Have been as pure, as are those Gales and Springs,
That in *Elysium* dorefresh the Blest.

And yet thou hast not pitied him that loves thee,
Even though thy very Nature be as gentle
As Morning dew just melting into Ayr.

And shall I languish thus, and die ? Must Love
His Martyrs have, as well as other Gods ?
Sure no, *Urania* ; he hath no Rewards
Beyond this Life : How can he gratifie
His Martyrs then ? The cold Inhabitants
Of Graves do not desire, but dwell alone,
And never Think, like aged Priests and Nuns.
Help then thy dying Lover, and he'll change
His Love to adoration, since thou wantst
Nothing but pity to become Divine.

Uran. What shall I serve you in, my Lord ?

Endym. Permit
Me to enjoy the Title of thy Servant ;
And pay my fire with equal flames again.

Uran. My Lord, I were ungrateful if I should not.

Endym. Then be not so. ---- But (to be short) I doubt
The Kings approach ; and therefore, if thou'lt promise
This night to sleep within mine Arms (being first

Authoriz'd so to do by *Hymen's* Priest)
I'll free thee from the Kings illicite Love.

Uran. My Lord, I will. But satisfie me how.

Endym. You must appoint the King to meet you here
In yonder Grotto, and oblige him to
The language, and the time of Love, soft whispers,
And the Night; and I'll prepare
Some other Body to supply your place.

Uran. Ah! Who will be so wicked as to do't?

Endym. Enough.----

Uran. Sure 'tis impossible, it cannot be.
What Woman would consent to such an Act?

Endym. Ten thousand, Madam.

Uran. Would they? Then let them not—
I'll rather chuse a thousand times to die,
Then own a wretched life, sav'd at the Rate
Of so much Wickedness.——

Endym. Come; be content,
Chaste Soul, the Queen her self shall be the Person.
I'll tell her all thy story, and I doubt not
But she'll preserve thy Innocence, and love it.

Uran. Thrive, brave *Endymion*; thrive in all thy Loves,
That hast for Love redeem'd (and redeem'd too
Without a Sacrifice) a wretched Maid,
Nought but whose Blood could have preserv'd her White.

Endym. My Dear, I must retire: I fear the King.
Thou hast a Part to act, and so have I.
Be happy, fair *Urania*; I am blest
That my employment is to do thee service.

Ex. Endym. as at a private door.
Uran. sol. Poor, poor *Endymion*! in what little point
Will all the Vertue and Religion end
Of thy contrivances? How doth thy Fate,
In the contempt of all that's brave and worthy,
Play with thy Noble Actions; and endeavour
In pride to make Vertue ridiculous?

Poor, poor *Endymion*! How could I now weep,
If tears were able but to wash away

The

The blackness of thy Fate? Now thou hast thought
 (And thought by paths white as the milky-way)
 To lead me from the Labyrinth of my Woes;
 The next thing I must think, must be to cheat
 All thy innocent expectations, which
 Are every of them Honours to my self,
 And condescensions in thy Noble Soul.

Whilst thou in melting language tell'st my tale,
 And giv'st me so much value by thy words,
 That she who is a Queen shall condescend
 (And love that condescension too) to pity
 The Daughter of an humble Villager,
 And to become herself her Substitute:
 Whilst thou dost this (and for no recompence,
 But to bestow on me, what were more fit
 For Temples far, a pure unspotted Love)
 I must endeavour at that very time
 To frustrate all thy hopes, and only give
 My fained promise to the King, on this
 Condition, That *Endymion* must be sent
 So far from Court, that he do not return
 Until to morrow Sun see us again,
 And my engagement to him be made void.

And to effect my purpose the more surely,
 I must endeavour to persuade the King
 That he hath often courted me, and hath
 So wary eyes upon me, that I doubt
 I shall not be secure but by his absence;
 And thus I must reward the brave *Endymion*.

But, I will recompence thee with my tears:
 And since I cannot satisfy thy flame,
 I'll weep it out. — Poor, poor *Endymion*! *She weeps.*
 How must I cry to see thee like a Ball
 Toss'd vainly up and down, even by those two
 Blinde Gamesters, *Love*, and *Fortune*?

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyrrh. And why with showres allay you thus your beams?

Uran.

Uran. You are the Messenger of Sorrow, Sir.

Pyrrh. In bringing the sad news a Prince attends
Your prettiness in yonder Parler. Come.——

He takes her by the hand.

Uran. I'll follow, Sir.—— Pray Sir go on, I'll follow.

Pyrrh. I'm glad you're so obedient.

Urania to her self.

Urania ! Whither goest thou? With what face
Canst thou say Yes unto the Kings proposals,
Although thou surely dost intend to cheat him?
It is immodest sure.—— It cannot fit
A Maiden mouth.---- I never more must pray
With the same tongue that's able (though but fain'd)
Thus to consent.——

She stops.

Pyrrh. Nay, I must have your hand, unless you'll follow.

Uran. to her self. Kind Heaven assist me! ---- Give me
strength to hear

—— What I should not, and fain'dly to assent.
And know, Heaven, like thy Sun, my blushes shall
This Even shew, I will rise fair to morrow.

Exeunt Uran. and Pyrrhus.

*Enter Neander and Evadne, with a Maid following
her at a distance.*

Neand.---- And what d'ye think of those unactive houres
You've spent in Cells, compar'd to those o'th' Court?

Evadne. I think them innocent. And if they shew'd
Me fewer objects, they did shew me too
Fewer temptations, and therefore gave me
More content, though less variety.

Neand. Madam, the divers objects of the Court
Have yet been but disturbances, to scatter
Those thoughts of yours which your dim Cell united.
But when you've weigh'd each various face, each garb,
Each brisk behaviour 'mongst the Gallants here,

And

And have contracted your now scatter'd beams
To make illustrious some one persons fortune;
You'll then take pleasure in your own effects,
This day to frown him dead, to morrow to
Kiss him alive again ; and thus each day
To multiply the Miracles of Love.

Evadne. These are the Wonders Sir, which greater Beauties
Do in far higher Orbs : *Evadne* were
Proud, as her Fortune hath design'd her low,
Should she dare think ought what in complement
You do attribute to her.

Neand. Madam, would you were but content
To see me fall your earliest Victim here.----

Evad. Alas, my Lord, the Sacrifice would much
Excell the Deity.

Neand. No more then little Fanes,
The mighty powers they're dedicated to.----
Dearest *Evadne*, fairest Murtheress, thou
Hast slain *Neander* with thy pretty eyes.

He imbraceth her with his arme.

Evad. And do you apprehend me for it, Sir ?
What Flower is yonder ?

She goes from him to gather it.

Neand. A Flower more happy (Madam) then my self,
And like me shews you do love cruelty ;
That fain would live, and you to kill it, place
It in your Bosome. I would fain live too,
And you to kill me, thence will keep me out.

Evad. My Lord, though I am wholly ignorant
Of all the Arts of Court, yet I can see
You're pleas'd to fain much Love, to exercise
Much Wit. Surely, I cannot think
You can so soon be taken with my Beauty.

Neand. Then hear my Vowes.----

Evad. No, good my Lord, let these
On more deliberation be pronounc'd.

Neand. Do men deliberate whether they will be

Happy

Happy and blest? ---- Pox on this Rogue. ----

Enter Geron to them.

Geron. Nay, now I will not hang my self yet, I'll be reveng'd on this Lord first. ---- My Lord ----

Neand. What say you *Geron*?

Geron. ---- How do you do, my Lord?

Neand. Very well, *Geron.* How doth your Lady?

Ger. stamps and speaks to himself. 'Tis he hath done it. ----

Neand. Why? How now, *Geron*; Do you conjure? What's the matter?

Ger. to himself. I need not conjure. I know the Father now.

Neand. Why, what dost thou mutter among thy no teeth,

Ger. My Lord, why should you ask for my Wife? (Man?)

Neand. Because I am civil.

Ger. to himself. Because I am a Cuckold.

Neand. Pox on thee, why dost not speak out?

Ger. Ah ----

Neand. Prithee *Geron*, what's the matter? Hast thou seen a Spirit? Or hast thou lost any money? What is it?

Evadne. Your servant, Sir. ---- I suppose by this time my Lord *Endymion* will have left the Queen. ----

Neand. So very hasty Madam! You will permit me to wait on your Ladship. Fare you well, *Geron*.

Exit Neand. and Evadne.

Geron. sol. This is the Man. ---- 'Tis he. ---- Why should he ask for my Wife? Suppose I have a Wife, what's that to him? Must he needs be asking for her presently? Ah *Phronesia*, I wish (I wish heartily) I had never seen the head of thee, -- But, I could never be content till I was married, like a fool as I was. ---- This Rascal *Neander*; This Rascal that I dare not call Rascal: This Villain that I dare not say any thing to, not because he is Valiant (for then it would not grieve me) but because he is a Lord, which he could no more help then I can that he hath made me a Cuckold. He was born to that, just as I am to this. The case is the self-same. ----

Enter Endymion.

---- Here's

— Here's another Lord too. —

Endym. Sir Geron, how is it with you?

Geron. Your Servant, my Lord.

Endym. How doth the fair *Phronesia*, Sir?

Ger. to himself. What! Here's another.--- Two Lords to make one Cuckold.---

Endym. What, mute, *Geron*! Hath any misfortune befallen your Wife?

Ger. to himself. Cuckold! Laught at! —

Endym. *Geron*, you make me wonder.

Ger. to himself still. You have made me a Cuckold, I am sure, among you.

Enter a Page hastily; and delivers a Letter to Endymion from the King: at which he withdraweth a little, and opens it.

Geron. My Lord, I shall take my leave of you; you have business.

Exeunt Geron and Page.

Endym. reads the Letter: which was,

My Lord,

We are informed (though not certainly) that there happened last night a mutiny in Our Castle of Argos. It is Our pleasure therefore, that you, immediately on sight hereof, take a convenient number of Our Light-horse, and go thither. And if you finde any such thing, to use your best endeavours to appease it; and bring with you the principall Actors therein, to receive such punishment as their Crimes shall deserve.

Basileus Rex.

Endym.-----What miseries attend thee?

Where, where will not Misfortune finde thee out?

Sure Fortune hath more eyes then those who say

Shee'rh none; else how could she still hit the self-same mark?

This night, when I suppos'd within thy armes,

Thy armes, my Dear, to have scorn'd all the world,

E

To've

To've pitied Monarchs, and lookt down on Kings ;
 Must I be taken from my vertuous Love,
 And change her Starrs (her fairest Starrs) for those
 Poore eyes that Heaven allowes to look upon
 The dewy night withall ? --- But stay ; I sin,
 I sin like all the world, who never think
 That every other part is well, if but
 One finger pain them. --- I am fortunate,
 That I have gain'd her love, that can no more
 Change, then a Star his course, or Fate
 Her everlasting Lawes : and I'm to faile
 But one night of my promise ; and that night
 Is but twelve hours. -- But say, *Endymion*, how
 Canst thou live twelve hours from *Urania's* eyes ? ---

But I must haste, and bid my Faire adieu. ---
 --- And yet I will not neither ; the first kiss
 I begg from those dear lips, shall never be
 A parting one. --- And must I not then wish
 For a Good-night, because I must have none ?
 Sure, I must see her. --- But say, *Endymion*, say
 She should look sad, or sigh when thou depart'st ?
 How dost thou think, at the same time, to quell
 Two insurrections, that at *Argos*, and
 This sadder one in thy own breast ? --- My Dear,
 I must not see thee. I must onely make
 Some little paper happier then my self,
 And write thee, why *Endymion* is unblest.

Exit Endym.

Enter King and Pyrrhus.

King. Well *Pyrrhus*, now our business is done. This night
Urania (after all her pretty blushes, and loathness to say Yes)
 is mine.

Pyr. She is, an't please your Majesty, and I am very glad
 of it, knowing your Majesty's passion ; for the truth is, I did
 very much doubt so much innocence would never have been
 overcome.

King.

King. She was loath indeed.--- But *Pyrrhus*, prithee see *Endymion* loyter not. She was very passionate in that particular ; and all her promise is void, if he be in towne by six of the clock this Even : and it is neere so much already, I think.

Pyr. I shall hasten him, if he be not already gone.

King. And then you must see yond Grotto prepared.

Pyr. It shall be fitted for the Scene of Love.

King. Then all I have to do, is to make some fair pretence to the Queen for my absence this night--- Look where she comes.

Enter Queen alone.

Pyrrh. I shall make haste to wait on your commands.

Ex. Pyrrh.

King. How doth my Queen ? what, all alone ?

Queen. Not now

When I have found my Lord, who is to me
All company.---

King. Ah ! thou hast found him none.

Thou'lt find him now disorder'd.--- I'm not well.

Qu. Alas, I doubt you've taken cold.

King. I have ;

But hope that this nights rest will make me well.

Qu. Sure Sir, you don't do well to tarry here.

King. I do not, Madam ; I'll retire. Good night. (*Kisseth*

Qu. Nay, give me leave Sir to attend you.--- *her.*

King. No,

I will not draw you from the entertainment

This pleasant evening will afford you here.

Qu. Alas, my Prince, you injure now your Queen,
To think that evening which gives Pain to you,
Can give her Pleasure.

King. My dear, I am not sick ;

I onely am a little indispos'd ;

I'll beg thy pardon to retire this night :

But pray sup you, and take no farther care,

Till at your own appartment I wait on you

To morrow morning.

Queen. Your will is still my Law.

King. Once more goodnight.--

Ex. King.

Queen sol. Poore Prince ! poore Prince ! How little dost thou think

How soon we two shall meet again : and she
Thou so much fly'ft, shall prove the very thing
For which thou fly'ft her ? How ridiculous
Just Heaven doth make the wayes of men, when they
Forsake the wayes of Vertue ? --- This brave Prince,
At whose victorious Armies *Greece* now trembles,
When he contrives inglorious actions, shall
At the same time be pitied by his servants ;
And a poor Girle shall upbraid him, in
Contriving to preserve him vertuous.

How do men ravel back to childhood, when
They cease to be thy Children, sacred Vertue ;
And need the care of every little person,
That what they call for may not do them harm !

Poor Prince ! I pity thee.---And oh that Heaven

[*Shee kneeles.*

May do so too ! And though the setting Sun
Bode nought but darkness to the world, yet may
Some charitable Star vouchsafe one beam
To his benighted breast ; lest wicked men
Upbraid your wisdom, that give Crowns and Scepters
To those poor spirits, who can softly creep
At cowardly midnight to their beds of sin.

[*She riseth.*

How happy should I be this tedious night
In yonder Grotto, to expect in vain ?
And by my penance there to expiate
Th' intended crime of my repenting Prince ? ---
But I must haste--- Blest Heaven, have pity on
The folly of my poor deluded Lord.

Exit. Queen.

Enter

Enter Cleantha. She takes two or three turns in the Garden, and then breaks into these words.

Unfortunate *Cleantha*. ———

[*She walks a turn or two more.*

---Too fortunate

In that which Fools call Happineffe.---

[*She walks a little.*

---Fate, Fate,

VVhy dost thou thus abuse the world, to make

Some high, some low, yet every one alike

Unhappy ?--- whate'er our stations be,

VVe meet in this sad Center, *Misery*.---

Yet, left by knowing this, we should rebel,

And every Generous soul turn Destiny

Unto it self, (scorning thy tyranny,

And rather chusing not to be at all,

Then be thy sport) thou hast contriv'd things so,

That every person thinks others more happy,

And that no breast knowes Misery like theirs.

But those whom thou dost destine to such Plagues,

As would break forth through private windows, thou

Dost place in mighty Palaces, and with

External splendour hid'st their inward Grievs

From common eyes, and mak'st them (silly souls)

Admire, what, did they understand, they'd pity.

How many that behold *Cleantha* walk,

Attended by the proudest sparks of *Greece*,

And richer clad then Tulips in the Spring,

Do think her every minute happier far

Then Cowards condemn'd are, when their pardon's read;

And every Lady in *Arcadia*

But wretched, when compar'd to her bright Fortune.

VVhilst poor *Cleantha* at that very minute

Envies some Village-Maid that Ruffet weares

(The Livery of those sheep she doth attend)

But

But freely favours the poor Swain she loves,
And sleeps at night.--- *Cleantha's* oft admir'd,
And her great titles reckon'd up, whilest she
Doth in her closet weep she is not less.---

Heaven ! Heaven ! where was thy Mercy then,
VVhen thou mad'st Life so great a pain, and Death
A Sin ?--- Didst thou create great souls but to
Affront them with thy greater power ?--- But stay,
Prophane *Cleantha*, stay ; and be not more
Unfortunate, by being wicked too.---

Endymion is all vertue, and he would
Hate a prophane *Cleantha*.--- Poor *Endymion*,
How little dar'st thou think my thoughts, or I
Dare say them to thee ?--- Ah wretched, wretched Princess,
VVhom Fate hath made greater then Happiness !---

VVhat can I hope for ? should *Endymion* speak,
I then should hate him for his confidence ;
A Crime, of which he never can be guilty.---

VVhen once he bled for me (and conquer'd too)
And I on purpose chid my woman, that
She was unhandy, onely 'cause my hand
Ambitious was to wipe his wounds, and give
Him Balsam for the better Balsam of
His blood ; poor Lord, me thought he seem'd to wish
The earth had been created lower, that
He might have lower bow'd, to give me thanks ;
And was so far from daring to presume,
That he did seem to make the distance more
Betwixt himself and me, by placing me
Yet higher, for my so great charity.

Nay, should he speak, in speaking he would forfeit
The very thing I love him for, that rest
He findes in th' Elysium of his thoughts ;
And those true satisfactions which he takes,
In being all the world unto himself.

But since my Love is vertuous as its Object
VVhy should I stick to tell it all the world ?

Nay,

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Nay, why should I not rather glory in it?
To blush to say I love *Endymion*, were
To be asham'd to love Religion, 'cause
Her Priests are poor.— If Fortune 'th set him low,
Fools that are blind, like her, may do so too.
But let *Cleantha's* pleasure be to see
Vertue affronting the Fools Deity.
Direct me, my good Starrs; and let me do
Honour to him, who so much honours you.
And if I needs so hard a Fate must prove,
As fall at last a Sacrifice to Love;
'Twill be my Glory, when it shall be said,
Cleantha for the brave Endymion dy'd.

Exit. Cleantha.

Finis Act. 2.

ACTUS 3.

*Enter King. He takes a turn or two, and then
to him Pyrrhus.*

King. Good morrow to you, my Lord.

Pyrrh. A good day to your Majesty. A day as
pleasant as your night hath been.

King. Ah! --- I wish it indeed.

Pyrrh. I hope your Majesty hath been well enough diver-
ted this night.

King.— Yes, my Lord— though not as you suppose.—
I've been diverted from those wild desires
That made me first unking my self, and then
Unlord my Confident. But I've ask'd pardon
Of Heaven and my own Majesty; and now
I beg it too from thee, my loyall *Pyrrhus*:

For-

Forgive me that I have profan'd thy Faith
By such Commands, that thou art bound to ask
Blest Heaven forgiveness for thy Loyalty.

Pyrrh. Your Majesty (I hope) will give me leave
To wonder at this change, and understand it,
When you shall please to think me fit to do so.

King. *Pyrrhus*, I'll tell thee all.— VVhen now the night
Grew black enough to hide a skulking action;
And Heaven had never an eye unshut to see
Her Representative on earth creep 'mongst
Those poor defenceless worms, whom Nature 'ch left
An humble prey to every thing; and no
Asylum but the Dark: I softly stole
To yonder Grotto through the upper walks,
And there found my *Urania*.— But I found her,
I found her, *Pyrrhus*, not a Mistress, but
A Goddess rather, which made me now to be
No more her Lover, but Idolater.
She onely whispered to me, as she promis'd,
Yet never heard I any voice so loud:
And though her words were gentler far then those
That holy Priests do speak to dying Saints,
Yet never Thunder signified so much.

And what did more impress what e'er she said,
Methought her whispers were my injur'd *Queens*,
Her manner just like hers.— And when she urg'd
(Among a thousand things) the injury
I did the faithfull'st Princess in the world,
Who now suppos'd me sick, and was perchance
Upon her knees, offering up holy vows
For him who mockt both heaven and her, and was
Now breaking of that vow he made her, when
With sacrifice he call'd the Gods to witness;
When she urg'd this, and wept, and spake so like
My poor deluded Queen, *Pyrrhus*, I trembl'd,
Almost perswaded that it was her Angel
Spake through *Urania's* lips; who for her sake

Took

Took care of me, as something she much lov'd.

It would be long to tell thee all she said,
How oft she sigh'd, how bitterly she wept:
But the effect. *Urania* still is chaste,
And with her chaster lips hath promis'd to
Invoke blest Heaven for my intended sin.

Pyrrh. A happy night. Indeed, I ne'r took pleasure
To've serv'd your Majesty in this employment,
Until this instant.

King. But how dost think, my *Pyrrhus*,
I shall reward *Urania* for this action?

Pyrrh. Ten thousand ways.—

King. No, no, I am unhappy;
I must undo the fair, the chaste *Urania*.

Pyrrh. And me with wonder too.—

King. Thou know'st she told me
Endymion was her servant (an high Fortune
For one so mean, and a rare one too,
VWho can love Vertue where he sees her poor.)
And I shall be constrained to banish him
To some remoter Isle, unlesse he'll be
(VWhich I much doubt) content to marry her
VVithin few days. *Pyr.* This is all news. *King.* It is.

But *Pyrrhus*, thou art worthy of my secrets,
And therefore know, I've lately learnt, *Cleantha*
Loves nothing but *Endymion*. Though she have
(Thou know'st) a Prince that courts her, high in Birth
And Fortune too: one worthy our alliance,
Yet she flights all addresses, and last night
I was inform'd, 'twas onely for the sake
Of this mean Lord; which should the Prince but know,
He sure would scorn her for his Rivals sake.

The certainty I hope to know this day,
From our good Priest, whom I've employ'd to sound her,
And learn her resolutions, whence I shall
Discern *Endymion's* fate. *Pyr.* An't please your Majesty,
But doth *Endymion* know *Cleantha* loves him?

King. I'm told he doth not. All that can be gather'd,
Is but from some few words she was by chance
O'er-heard to say unto her self, too big
For her own breasts' confinement, and too secret
(It seems) for any others ear.--- But heark, what's yonder?

[*Trumpets without.*]

Pyr. I doe believe *Endymion* is return'd.

King It's likely. Let us in, and have his answer.

Ex. King, Pyrrhus.

*Enter Cleantha sol. into the Garden. She walks a while,
often fetching very deep sighs; at last saith,*

————— When every thing is green,
Must poor *Cleantha* onely wither, and never
Know a Spring?--- Was I made onely high
Like *Rhodope*, and *Hemus*, or the *Alpes*,
To dwell with everlasting winter, to wear Snow,
When every valley *Roses* wears?--- *Cleantha*,
Thou must die. Then thou maist also be
Happy as other folks. The Grave looks wisely,
Like thy Fortune. Then every bodies face
Is pale as thine. There, there thou wilt not see
Poor Villagers more blest in love than thee.
And there thou wilt be able make appear,
Cleantha and *Endymion* equall are. —

Then, possibly, some of *Cleantha's* earth
May prove a little flower, and look fresher,
Then when it part of a great Princess was,
And shew the erring world ———

Enter the Priest.

————— Heaven! what shall I say
To this good man now?-----

Pri. Good morrow to your Highness.
Heaven send you a good day.---

Cleantha. I shall not doubt it,
After so good a Prayer.---- Good morrow, Sir.---

Priest. Your Highness all alone? Twere too great boldness
To

To aske what little pensiveness invited
You to so much retirement, whilst the day
Is yet so young ; and you as young as it ?---

Clean. I cannot wonder, Sir, at what you ask,
When I consider in what vanities
I usually have spent my mornings, more
Examining my Face then Self.--- But late [She sighs]
Repentance is a little commendable.---

Pri. But yours, Madam, is not so. Your morning yet
Is younger then this dayes, and you can still
Pay First-fruits unto Vertue.--- But, fair Princess,
(Pardon the freedom of your Priest) we often
Mistake our Melancholy for Repentance ;
And think that sadness our souls health, which is
Indeed, but the disease of our weak bodies.

Queen. It's likely, Sir, and likely that weak sort
That I am of, may thus oft be deluded.
But Heaven (I hope) hath pity for that weakness
It made not stronger.---

Priest. Madam, be pleas'd to know,
The onely reason why I urge this, is,
The onely reason why I've thus intruded
Into your Highnesses Retirements now.

This is not, Madam, the first time I've seen
Your Highness walk alone, and shun those places
Which company did seem to make unhappy :
And often have I too observ'd you've been
Alone i'th' middle of a multitude :
Which sort of temper being no wise proper
To your more sprightly age, and endowments,
(As one oblig'd by Heaven, to serve you, and
Autho'iz'd too to speak) presum'd to watch
A fitting opportunity, to pray
Your Highness to unfold, whether its cause
No wise concerns my Function ; or if I
Might serve you with my Counsel, or my Prayers.

Clean. Sir, You have ever been a Father to me,

And, possibly, your great respect, a little
May injure your great judgement, and present
Things you are pleas'd to fear, as though they were.

Priest. No, Madam, pardon me, I'm not mistaken ;
But much more doubt, what you with so much art
Desire to hide. Sure, 'tis no common thing
You can think worth the covering with such language.

Cleanth. Indeed, I am no wise sad, Sir ; you but doubt it.

Priest. Pardon me, Madam, if I dare to tell you,
You do not well to say so. You are troubled.---
Madam, you are in love.--- You ought not to
Deny it, 'cause 'tis truth.--- *Cleanth.* Nor ought I to
Confess it, 'cause it is no sin.--- *Priest.* If it be not,
Indeed you are not bound to't. But if you
Love one beneath your birth and Fortune, Madam,
That is a sin. *Cleanth.* It may be so ; but I
Am no wise guilty of it, Sir. *Pri.* Madam,
Endymion is so.--- *Cleanth.* And can I help it ; Sir ?
So are a thousand more, it may be.--- *Pri.* Madam,
'Twere to affront your Highness, should I longer
Delude you by my seeming ignorance
Of what (would Heaven) had ne'er been known to you,
Nor me : Madam, you love that poor
Mean Lord *Endymion*.--- 'Tis for him that you
Look pale, and sigh, and walk alone, and die
To all that's glorious, and worthy you
So high a Princess.--- 'Tis for him you slight
The Prince of *Macedon*, and disoblige
The King your Uncle.--- 'Tis for him you are
No more *Cleantha*, no more that noble Princess,
That like a Deity reflected on
Your own perfection (that Supreme Estate
Nature and Fortune thought you worthy of)
And did esteem your self at the same rate
Heaven and the Gods had valued you.--- But, Madam,
'Tis not too late yet to recant all this ;
And there is oft more glory in repenting

Us of some errours, then never to have err'd ;
 Because we find, there are more folks have Judgment
 Then Ingenuity.--- Madam, let me be
 The happy Messenger of this good news.

Cleanth. Poor *Cleantha* ! poor *Endymion* !

Aside.

Pri. Madam---

Cleanth. Enough Sir. --- I am not asham'd
 My Priest should know, what my Prayers are not
 Asham'd to own.

Pri. Then you love *Endymion*. ---
 Confess it, if you're not asham'd. ---

Cleanth. It may be
 It suits not with my Modesty to say so :
 Nor yet with my Religion to deny it.---
 I am sorry you are angry, Sir.---

Pri. Ah ! dear Princess,
 I am not angry ; that would not become me.
 I am afflicted, Madam, I am afflicted,
 At what much less becomes your Highness.--- Can
 You love so mean a Lord, and own it too,
 And still think your self innocent, and talk
 Of Modesty, and say Love is no sin ?
 And pray ---

Cleanth. Nay, Sir, I must be bold, when you
 Instruct me to be so, and interrupt
 That Language, Sir, you must not let me hear.
 Know, I may love *Endymion*, and yet talk
 Of Innocence and Modesty, much more then you
 May of Civility, when you presume, Sir,
 To tell me, to my face, the contrary.---
 You'll pardon me, I hope, Sir.--- I would fain
 Remember you, yet not forget my self.---

Pri. Pardon my passion, Madam.--- 'Tis for you.

Clean. 'Tis not for me to hear.--- That Modesty
 You dar'd to doubt (heaven, have I heard it !)--- Know,
 [She cries,

Is much too tender to be touch'd, Sir, with

Hard

Hard fingers yet.— *Priest.* Dear Princess pardon me.

Clean. Had you not been my Priest, I could have thought
A thousand dirty reasons might have mov'd
So bold a passion: but for you, who teach,
That all the Wealth and Grandeur in the world
Doth hold no more proportion with true Vertue,
Then this world with Elysium, her reward:
For you who teach this, and have taught it me,
(And if you teach it not, your Function's nothing)
For you (I say) to be so much in passion,
As to forget your self, and me, because
I love *Endymion*, who is poor, but hath
More vertue then a thousand Princes: this
Is wonder, Sir: But for your office sake,
I'll think you speak not your own words; and so
I still may reverence you; as you well know
I still have done.----

Priest. Madam, have I your pardon?

Cleanth. You have it, Sir.—

Priest. Then give me leave to be
Gratefull, and serve you. Humbly to discusse
This Love you're pleas'd to own, without the least
Of prejudice, or favour. Thus you may
Best judge of this great action of your life.

Cleanth. You have it, Sir; and may oblige me with it.

Priest. Then know, faire---

Clean. But when you name *Endymion*.--

Priest.--- Your pleasure, Madam.---

Clean.--- Nothing.-- I do attend you.

Priest. Nay, Madam, pray be free.---

Clean. It's nothing, Sir.---

Endymion needs not my Apology.--

Priest. Madam, you do acknowledge that you love
The Lord *Endymion*? --- *Cleanth.* Sir, I do to you,
But never have to him; and it may be
I never will.

Priest. (Your Highnesse doth oblige me)---
Ad

And you do seem to give this reason, 'cause
 He owne more vertue then a thousand Princes;
 Which, sure, is probable. Yet, Madam, know,
 That there are Princes too are vertuous
 As he: and in particular, the high-
 Born Prince of *Macedon*, who courts your Highnesse,
 Doth yield to none, but hath as good a title
 To Virtue as his Crown.--- Now, though you ought
 To prefer Vertue before Wealth, or Greatnesse,
 As what is of more value then them both;
 Yet these are both fair Pedals unto Vertue;
 They much advance her stature, and do make
 Her more conspicuous to the world, and so
 Much more ador'd; and therefore alwayes are
 To be prefer'd, when to be had with her.

Low Violets may smell among the grasse
 And their own leaves, whilst that the nobler Rose
 Adornes the Garden, and is no lesse sweet.---

Clean. Sweeter then both in your comparison.---
 But, Sir, if it be possible t'advance
 This humble Violet almost unto
 The stature of the Rose, to whom great Nature
 Hath gi'n a higher stem, though not more sweetness;
 Pray, would it not be more of charity
 And judgement, then t'endeavour with more hazard,
 To adde some leaves unto that Rose, whom Nature
 Already had made fair enough?--- *Pri.* Madam,
 I well do understand, your Highnesse owns
 Greatness enough to make another Great:
 And that the Prince of *Macedon* appears
 Already fair enough to all the world:
 Yet surely, Madam, though your structure be
 Noble and high, if you will build it on
 A low foundation, it can ne'er appear
 So high, as if your Basis higher were.
 You may appear your self; but when you do
 Joyn with an equall, you appear him too.

Clean. Pardon me, Sir, I onely him appear.

I lose my name, and all I was before.
 I am not greater (when his wife) because
 I was a Princeesse; for should he but wed
 The meanest Lads in all *Arcadia*, he
 In doing so, would make her full as great
 As I should be. Ambitious Rivers, whilst
 They needs will strive to joyn with greater Floods,
 Do adde indeed to them, but lose themselves,
 Whilst those that court some smaller Brook at once,
 Encrease their Waters, and preserve their Names.

Pri. Madam, you will do well to heed, that whilst
 You seek t'encrease your Waters, you do not
 Encrease your Tears too. Mighty Floods, you know
 Glide smooth, yet bear down all; whilst little Brooks
 Murmure at Pebles in their way, and have
 Their courses oft obstructed. And, Madam, what,
 What is a Name to the unfortunate?
 What is a Name to those, whose Names must live
 But in their Epitaph? if you do wed
 A Prince, the faire *Cleantha* will adorn
 His Chronicle, and that in recompence,
 Will make that Name immortall as her Merit.
 But if you will in common Channells run,
 Poor neighbour-Towns may know your Name, but Mapps
 Will heed you not. And then the brave *Cleantha*
 Will set with her own face; and th' injur'd world
 Shall lose her best Example, to those Ages
 Are yet to come; and thus *Cleantha* will
 Undoe her self, and all Posterity.

Cleanth. You almost do undoe my reason with
 Your language, Sir.--- But you well know, Sir, should
 I by each action of my life endeavour
 To be forgotten in all Chronicle,
 And leave it in my Will, to have my Name
 Ne'er mention'd more; this very Will of mine
 Would live to all Posterity. Comets
 As soon may unobserved pass among

Astro-

Astrologers, as any Princess can
 Among Historians.-- But, alas, Sir, what,
 What's my Remembrance, when I am dead,
 To be compar'd to the Contents of Life?
 Shall I be wretched all the day, because
 I'd have folks talk of me when I'm asleep?
 What is it, if it be hereafter said,
Cleantha was the Queen of *Macedon*,
 When poor *Cleantha's* but a little earth?
 If I love nothing but *Endymion*,
 Nothing but him can make me happy, Sir;
 And if I love nothing in him but his Vertue,
 And his brave Soul, and can be well content
 To lose a Crown, and Title of a Queen,
 To find those better treasures, though I stoop
 To take them up, 'twill be more glory, and
 Eternity unto my Name, then if
 (Like petty Countrey folks) I do dispense
 With Love for my convenience, and wed
 What I may chance to like in time, with help
 Of some good Counsel, and Necessity.---

This, Sir, will be an act, will give my Name
 An honourable mention in the mouthes
 Of Priests, and holy folks, as oft as they
 Instruct men, that the Gods sometimes reward
 Vertue in this world, or that Vertue is
 To be preferr'd before a Crown or Scepter.
 For then it will be said, *Endymion's* vertue
 Won him a Princess, and *Cleantha* did
 Esteem a brave *Endymion* much above
 A Prince and Diadem. And thus my Greatness,
 At once, shall make it self more great, and serve
 T' embalm the bravest person in the world,
 And make him, like my self, immortal too.
 For whilst men write *Cleantha's* Story, since
 (Like her) it will be nought without *Endymion*,
 The brave *Endymion* must be mentioned too,

(That else perchance might have been numbred 'mongst:
 Those precious things, whose loss the world bewails.)
 And thus I shall oblige Posterity,
 More in *Endymion* than my self: and shall
 Give (like a Goddess) immortality,
 To what was mortall in it self, and had
 Dy'd but for me.--- This, Sir, I onely say,
 To answer your objection; and I name
Endymion, 'cause you nam'd him, as I did
 The Rose and Violet, when you were pleas'd
 To instance in them.---

Priest. Heaven! would it were but so.---

Madam, as error ne'er can be more happy
 Then in your mouth, nor more secure, who give
 It so much beauty with your language, and
 Strength with your Wit; so, can it never be
 More dangerous.--- And therefore, pardon me,
 If I no longer do occasion you
 To shew th' omnipotency of your wit,
 In (almost) making Errour, Truth; and tell you
 What's surely true.--- Madam, I have not thus
 Presum'd to interrupt this your Retirement:
 I found you in, on any confidence
 Meerly my own, but onely in obedience
 Unto the King's Command, your Royall Unkle,
 Who understands (howe'er you little think it)
 You love *Endymion* (Heaven would not conceal
 So great an ill from him who may prevent it)
 And hath commanded me to use my best
 Endeavours to dissuade you from an action
 So much beneath your self, and contrary
 To his desires, who with so dear affection
 Hath ever treated you: And now refus'd
 To speak to you himself, lest that his passion
 Should move too violent 'gainst what he hates,
 And disoblige what he so dearly loves.

To this so true and tender a regard,

Of this your Royall Unkle, Madam, what
 Regardfull answer will you now command
 Me to return him?---

She rests a while.

Clean. Sir, I cannot tell

What way the King should know what you affirm,
 Since I ne'er said so much to any person. —

I dare not think you would betray me, Sir.---
 That were profane.— But if you must indeed,
 Return some answer to the King, be pleas'd
 To tell him, As I ever yet have been
 Obedient to him, as my Unkle, so
 I still do think my self oblig'd to be;
 Supposing (as he hath not hitherto)
 His Goodness never will command, but what
 Shall be within my power t' obey him in.

Pri. Madam, this answer hath much Latitude.—

Clean. It promiseth, Sir, all I can.— You will not
 Have me to promise more, I hope.— *Priest.* But is it
 In your Highness power to love the Prince
 Of *Macedon*, and not to love *Endymion*?

Clean. I think, Sir, Love's as much within my power,
 As 't is in any other body's.--- *Pri.* Madam,
 I must intreat your Highness for an answer,
 A little more direct unto the question.---
 You'l pardon me, I hope; I'm to deliver
 It to a King.--- *Clean.* And to receive it from
 A Princess, and a Maid.--- *Pri.* Madam, I shall
 Be loath to tell the King you love the Lord
Endymion.--- And, may be, you'l be sorry
 To see him banisht to some distant Isle,
 There to bewail his own perfections, that
 He 'ch pleas'd too much; and wish a thousand times
 You had not thus undone him with your love.---
 Injure not, Madam, thus a Lord, who else
 May number many happy daies, and live
 An honour to his Countrey, and grow old,
 And die among his Kindred, and his Friends.---

Clean. Sir, this would be strange justice, that my Love
Should be *Endymion's* Crime.---

Priest. 'Twill prove so, Madam.

Clean. He may be sufferer, but not criminal.
And Heaven will do justice, when men do not.---

*She being ready to cry, fetcheth a
sigh, and goes as towards her ap-
partment.*

Pri. Your humble servant, Madam.---

Ex. Priest.

*Cleantha perceiving the Priest gone,
giveth way to her tears, and re-
mains still speaking thus to her
selfe.*

Clean.--- Wretched *Cleantha*! Is thy Love a Crime?
A crime to him thou lov'st? Must it be ruine
Unto a person, if thou but affect'st him?
Have I some plague, that I must thus destroy
Whom I embrace? Or is my destiny
Grown paradoxicall, and proves my Love
To be true hatred? Or doth Heaven revenge
Other folks Pride, and my Humility?—
Oh Death, Death, Death! thou art not half so cruel
In thy destructions of the prosperous,
As in not killing wretches that would die?— *She weeps.*
'Tis thou canst make *Cleantha* happy; and
Preserve *Endymion* so.--- 'Tis onely thy
Long night, and thy dark bed, that can give rest
And sleep to sad *Cleantha*.—

Enter Endymion.

Endym.— *Urania*

Hath not done well to treat me thus:— Alas,
Could I divine the Kings command? or durst
I not obey him, or refuse employment,
In which was Honour and Obedience too,
Unto my Prince, and Service to my Countrey?—
I took no leave of her; but I have told her

The

The reasons why my Love forbid it me.---
 Surely *Urania's* cruel.—She ought not sure
 To be thus angry, and accuse me of
 Slighting a poor deluded Shepherdess,
 When I have vow'd so oft to her my love.

Clean. Here comes my poor *Endymion*.—

Endym.--- The Princess!

She is still gracious to me, and I were
 Best to intreat her to perswade my now
 Provok'd *Urania*.— But she's alone.—

[*She steps aside a little.*]

Clean.— Good morrow, my Lord.—

Endym. Your pardon, Madam, if unthought of, I
 Have rush'd on your Retirement.—

Cleanth. Your presence, Sir,
 Will better it.— Pray what's the news from *Argos*?—

Endym. Madam, the report was last night brought to
 Court,

Had nothing in't of truth. I found all quiet,
 But onely for th' disturbance that we made
 Our selves, by our arrival in the night.—

Clean. I'm glad, my Lord, your danger was no more.—

Endym. You do oblige me, Madam, to undergo
 Much greater danger for your Highness, then
 This could have prov'd. —

Clean. My Lord, you have already
 Purchas'd the name of my preserver with
 Your blood.—

Endym. 'Twas at too cheap a rate.—

Clean. Indeed

You ne'er can be in greater danger.—

Endym. Madam,

The cause I fought for, made the danger nothing.
 They might have kill'd me, but I could not die.

Clean. Your Nature's to oblige, my Lord.— I shall
 Be happy, when I find it in my power
 To let your Lordship know the great respect

I have for that great Vertue which you own.

Endym. Madam, 't hath been your Highness pleasure still
To honour with too great respect the little
Merits of your mean servant, who's advanc'd,
When numbred in the lowest rank of those
That have been fortunate to do you service.

Clean. You adde still to my debts, my Lord, yet are
No wise injurious, since you make me rich,
In having such a noble Creditor.—
But pray, my Lord, tell me (as one concern'd
Much in your Fortunes, who have so oblig'd me)
(If it be fit for me to know, and you
Conceive, that by my wishes, or endeavours,
I any wise may stead you) what's the cause
Your Lordship hath not worn of late that rest
Upon your looks, which heretofore appear'd
A happy witness to the world, you were
A world unto your self, still, and with wise
Content, blest all your fortunes.

Endym. Ah! great Princess,
It is for you to wear that Rest, who are
Plac'd in that upper Region, where there is
No wind. But for a little Bark i'th' midst
Of a great Sea, subject to every wave,
And all the winds, she never must pretend
To this blest state.--- And for my troubles, Madam,
Alas, their objects will appear so small
To your great Eye, you'd think I did affront you,
Should I dare say them to you.— Should the Lion in
His midnight-walks for prey, hear some poor worms
Complain, for want of little drops of dew ;
What pity could that generous creature have,
(who never wanted small things) for those poor
Ambitions? yet these are their concernments.
And but for want of these, they pine, and die.—
There must be some proportion still to pity,
Between our selves, and what we moan : 'tis hard

For

For men to be ought sensible, how Moats
 Press Flies to death. Your Highness oft in jest,
 Hath play'd away, more then some poor men have
 Wrought all their life for.---

Cleanth. My Lord, I cannot tell,
 Whether, possibly, what is your trouble, may
 Not be augmented, by my knowing it.---
 Else, shall I never think ought small, that can
 So much affect you, nor beneath my care,
 To seek to remedy that gives you pain.---

Endym. Great Princess, you undo me with your Honours.
 My blood turns all to blushes, as a sham'd
 It had not all been shed for your sake, when
 I had the honour to pour forth a little,
 A sacrifice to your great merits.--- Madam,
 I must obey your Highnesses Command:
 And thank you for it too; since in your knowledge
 Of what afflicts me, is my remedy.

Cleanth. What will he tell me? Heaven! he knows I love
 him. [*Aside.*

Endym. Madam, I long have lov'd.---

Clean. Whom, Sir?---

Endym. The faire

Urania, who attends your Highness.---

Clean. Forgive, [*Aside.*

Forgive me, poor *Endymion*.---

Endym. And have us'd

A thousand arts to get her love, and had
 Won her consent, last night, to be my wife,
 (Not doubting, Madam, but your Highness would
 Have favoured me in this adventure) but
 My sudden being sent to *Argos*, did
 Unhappily absolve this promise, and
 I am accus'd by her for flighting of
 An innocent Shepherdess, who was too forward
 In trusting me, and in believing that
 I'er would match to one of her mean fortune.

Clean.

Clean. Indeed, my Lord, I never could have guess'd
Your melancholy had so mean a cause.
I could not think you would so far dishonour
Your Family, and Name, as to have courted
So low a person.—

Endym. Madam, I well do know
Urania was a Shepherdes, and born
In some low Cottage, 'mongst those little folks,
Whom Honour seldome visits, and are blest
With nothing but their own content; but she,
Like to a Star, mistaken of his sphere,
Grew so conspicuous 'mongst those dimmer lights,
That brave *Theander* had no sooner spy'd her,
But he became all wonder, and would needs
Dismiss all but my self, to talk with her.

I do remember yet, when first the Prince
Ask'd her some little questions, how (poor soul!)
She blusht, and look'd upon her Lambs, as if
She'd have them take her part.--- Her answers were
So innocent, as if she'd been begot
By Prayer upon some Vestal. This sweet carriage,
From this sweet person, caus'd the Prince almost,
For one whole Summer, ever when he hunted
About those parts, to spend his pleasant't hours
With this fair Shepherdes; untill, at last,
He had perswaded her (for she was loath
To leave what she well knew, for what she knew not)
To leave her little flock, and go with him.
At what time he esteem'd her fit to be
A Present for your Highness, an Advancement
Few Families can boast of, since when (I know not
Whether through your reflections on her, Madam,
Who was celestiall, though obscure before,
She did become a Star; or whether she
Became a greater Imitator of
Your Highnesses perfections, then all others)
She hath so added unto Nature, Art,

That

That she's grown bright to every eye; and Lords
 And greatest persons of the Court are proud
 To say *Urania* favours them to wear
 The Title of her Servant, as a Gem
 Too rich to be examin'd whence she came. —
 For her low Birth : Madam, this morning sprung
 First to our eyes, from yonder barren hill ;
 And so will thousand Stars at night, though this
 And they, and she are lights from Heaven all.
 Their rise is mean, or noble, only from
 Our situation ; so is hers : You cast
 Your eyes upon her, from the hight of Birth
 And fortune too, and see her low ; whilst that
 Some other Princess, Born as high, but not
 Beneath so happy Stars, beholds her through
 The thicker Medium of her Tears, and thinks
 Her Birth more noble, 'cause more free, and less
 Subject to Fate, that doth like Thunder oft
 O'erturn vast Oaks, whilst *Rue* and *Vervain* stands.
 Her Loves are free, (without which we may wear
 Fetters of gold, but they are Fetters still,
 And fit as hard as Iron, though more rich)
 Whilst many great folks are constrain'd to wed
 By Law and Policie, and marry those
 Old Men in Council shall think fit, who have
 So many years forgotten love, and hate
 Now all but wealth and Empire, 'cause themselves
 Have nothing else to boast of left —

Cleantha being not able longer to contain her self at this, goes abruptly from Endym. to a Sun-Dial which stood not far from the walk, where she lets fall some tears (her back being towards Endymion) and says with a low voice

Cleantha ! Now thou art not fond. *Endymion* saith,
 Thou art unhappy. — And wilt thou say so,

H

And

And leave me so, *Endymion*? — No, my passion
Is now Authoriz'd, and I'll speak. —

[*She wipes her eyes.*
My Lord,

Would you think it were so late already?

Endym — Indeed

[*Endym. Comes to the Dial.*

I cou'd not think it had been night so late.

But every part of Heaven hafts to see

What it so loves, and favours, your bright self.

Cleant. Well, my Lord, I do not wonder much

So great a Wit should thus maintain so great

A Paradox; since that in nothing less

It can find its true exercise. — But say,

(And tell me truly) should I make't my care

To chuse a Mistress for you, fair as *Urania*,

(If thousands may be judges) and as Vertuous:

(Because she truly honours Vertue) but

Extracted from a Family would give

Luster to yours, although it were as mean

As hers you court now: say! would you not leave

Urania for her, who doth seem to me

To undervalue your respects? —

Tell me, my Lord.

Endym. pauseth a while.

Madam — should your highness condescend to chuse

A Torment for me, it were impudence

In me to chuse ought else. But that's all blest

Which is so like *Urania*. —

Cleant. So like to her? —

Urania's body's fair, but what's that mind

Which cannot apprehend the true contents

Of being bound with sacred chaynes to him,

Who in her Closet, and alone can be

The whole world to her, unto whom she may

Bring all her doubts, and tell her sorrows, and

Repeat her joyes, and have his censure on them?

What

What is that minde which cannot value such
True satisfactions more (perchance) then Crowns
And Sceptres ? which is more then e'er *Urania*
Doth ever hope for sure ———

Endym. Great Princess ! could I own
Half those perfections, I might happy be
Without *Urania*. — But *Urania* knows
She may find thousands of more merit then
The poor *Endymion*, who durst never measure
Himself, but by the passion he had for her.

Cleant. Sure, 'twas his modesty. He might have thriven
Much better, possibly, had his ambition
Been greater much.

They oft-times take more payns,
Who look for Pins, then those who finde out Stars.

Endym. They do, and are unfortunate. But know,
Know highest Princess, those may search for such
Small things you're pleas'd to name, who only have
A little candle of as small a value :
But those who seek out Stars, must be provided
VVith Arts and Glassees, and such costly things
As humble folkes must be content to want.

Cleant. Those coyer Stars indeed, which so retire
Their little eyes in Heavens vast Bosom, do
(They say) require those things you mention ; but
For others of more magnitude, you need
Only to fix your eyes, and they'll appear
By their own light ; and all you have todo,
Is to receive those Beams they cast upon you.

Endym. You cannot erre, great Princess --- But 'tis hard
To fix our eyes aright upon that part
Of Heaven where those Stars inhabit, if
VVe have not some directions first. ———

Cleant. Indeed
Those who look downwards ought to be directed
To look above them---to the highest sphere----
(For there the Stars--- are) then I'm apt to think

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Their task will not prove hard.---

She blusheth.

My Lord, I blush

Thus to instruct you in Astronomy.

Endym. No wonder, Madam, if I'm proud of what
You blush at, and esteem this my best knowledge
Which your unbounded wit (perhaps) to morrow
Will with much greater reason quite deny.

Clean. My Lord, you think no woman's ever constant
To what she saith, a day, but your *Urania*.
But till you've try'd, pray have more charity.
You'll after have more Faith.--- 'Tis late, my Lord :
You have oblig'd me with your company.

Exit Clean.

Endym. sol. -- VVhat meant this last discourse?-- Heaven!
blest Heaven!

VVas't not enough to lose my dear *Urania*,
Unless I also did adore the hand
VVhich snatch'd her from me ! *Cleantha* love *Endymion* !
The great, the pure *Cleantha* !-- All my hopes
In rich and holy Incense stilled are.
The worlds best light hath burnt my Phenix with
A thousand Spices ——— but Fool ! it cannot be.
Can brave *Cleantha* love the poor *Endymion* ?
Cleantha, pardon this wild thought, forgive
The proud *Endymion*. Never may he know
Thy noble breast harbour a thought so low.

Exit Endym

Finis Act. 3.

A&

ACTUS 4.

Enter Neander sol. in a fury.

Neand. **I** Wonder who the Devil intends I shall marry with; for marry I will, by Heaven, though the Match be made in Hell. I have been a servant, as they call it, (that is, I have sworn, and ly'd and spent money upon every Lady of Quality in the whole Court) yet I am still so far from having a Wife among them all, as the veryest Eunuch in the Great Turks Seraglio is from having a Child among all those wenches. Indeed, I never was in any probability (unless in my own conceit) of winning any one but the sweet *Evadne*; and now, that the Queen, and her ugly Father, should cross me, should forbid her to speak to me, to see me, it is what I cannot, I will not bear, though Fate it selfe say I shall do it. No, I have been told, that most old folks, when the Wine of Love is worn out in them, live some years by its Vinegar, Spight; and I will do the same, I am resolved; and that old gray Priest and his Mistress, the Queen, shall be my subjects. And yet, I am not ambitious to shew my valour so far, as to be hang'd for it neither. This (if I can do it) shall be the sweetest part of my revenge, That I will live, and tread, and spit upon their Graves.

— But who comes here? *Geron*? A Rogue for my purpose, it may be. Here is a fellow now that will be glad to be hang'd, on any terms in the world, that hath been more plagu'd with one Wife, then I have been with all my Mistresses.-- *Geron*, How is it?

Geron. How, is what, my Lord?--- But let it be what it Will, I don't care three pence how it be.

Neand. How, *Geron*? why so sullen? I mean, how is it with you, Sir?

Ger. With me, my Lord? why just as folks say it is with the

the Devil: I goe up and downe, and carry my Hell with me.

Nean. What say you to a bottle of wine in my chamber, *Geron*, to quench it?

Ger. As much to that as to any thing else.

Nean. Come along, then.

Ex. Nean. Geron.

Enter Endymion, with his hands bound, attended by a Guard of Souldiers.

Endym. — VVhy, may I not see the Princess, For whom I'm banished, before I go? —

Offic. No, no, along. —

1. *Sould.* Pray Sir walk a little faster.

2. *Sould.* Prethee let the Gentleman alone. Soft and fair goeth farre; and the Gentleman considers he hath farre to goe.

[Endym. casts his eyes towards Cleantha's apartment.]

Endym. Farewell then brave *Cleantha*; maist thou never Once think *Endymion* suffers for thy sake. --- And farewell, dear *Urania*; I will love thee On those hard Rocks I now must dwell upon.

Off. VVhat's this muttering? --- along. ---

2. *Soul.* Good Gentleman; he's loath to leave the Princess, I'll warrant him. —

1. Here she comes. —

Enter Cleantha, two Ladies following her.

Clean. — — — — — Unmoved,
As if he went to meet those Triumphs which
His worth alone deserves. ---

Endym. — The Princess. ---

-----Great Princess pardon

[He takes off his hat with his two hands, as they are bound, and kneels to her.]

My glorious sufferings. Forgive me, that

I ever saw the light, or liv'd a minute,
That you are injur'd thus by him, whose being
'S not worth your meanest thought.---

Clean. Ah, my *Endymion*!

[*She lets fall some tears.*]

Affront not poor *Cleantha*.---

[*Endymion stoops down to kiss
the bottom of her garment;
which she perceiving, gives
him her hand, which he kisseth.*]

Clean. Rise, brave *Endymion*, 'tis my misfortune,
Thou art too low already.---

He riseth.

Endym. Fortune made
Me low, to be advanced by a hand
More worthy than her own.

Clean. My noble Lord,
I have undone thee. What can I give thee now
In recompence of Liberty, and all
The pleasures of this life, which thou must lose
In a sad banishment for her, who onely
Can be afflicted at thy sufferings?

Endym. Madam, you have enough to give, to pay
So mean a debt (if you will call it one)
A thousand times.--

Clean. Name it, and take it, deare
Endymion, though it be my life.

Endym. Madam,
Then grant me this request; use every Art,
To make your hours as blest, as (I shall pray)
They may be many. And never let a thought
E'er represent to your remembrance more
Unfortunate *Endymion*.— Then shall I see,
Among the Desolations of my Fortune,
This cheerfull Green. The brave *Cleantha*'s happy!
She wears a Crown, and lives adore'd; what then,
Though poor *Endymion* suffer banishment,
Though he, —

Off.

Officers. Sir, this is what was forbidden us to permit you.
You must away Sir. ——— [Takes him by the arm.]

Cleanth. Impudent Villain, dar'st thou interrupt
A person I am talking with? —

Offic. Yes, Madam,
When I have the Kings commands to do so.

Endym. ——— Madam,
These persons do their duty : they are the hands
Of Fate that pull me from you. --- Sacred Princess,
All that is blifs attend you. ----

He kneels to kiss her hand.

She stoops, and kisseth him.

Cleant. My Lord, farewell. -----
Know that *Cleantha* loves thee, and will never

[She gives him a Ring.]

Be happy 'till *Endymion* make her so.

Endym. I cannot doubt, but Heaven will prosper what
'S so like it self. Blest Princess, take my Prayers :
Heaven thinks not fit t' intrust me with ought else.

[Exit Cleant. with her attendants.]

Endym. sol. Thus Fate directs me what I now must do
To serve my Shepherdess and Princess too.

Endymion Falls ; but to the first he dies
A Lover, to the last a Sacrifice.

[Exit Endym. and his guard.]

*Enter Evadne, and to her Neander ; at which she seems
troubled, and willing to haste from him.*

Neand. My dear, and why so fast? -- What, hast thou wounded
Thy poor *Neander*, and now fly'st him? — Your servant,
Fairest *Evadne*. — Why this haste ———

Evad. My Lord, you will
Oblige me much if you permit it ; and
Be pleas'd to think there is a reason for it :
And ask it not.

Neand. Must then *Neander* die,

And

And never know his crime. *Cruel Evadne,*
 Give me that ease in death, to let me know
 How I've deserv'd it.—Speak, my dear *Evadne*:
 Tell me the reason. *Evad.* My Lord, I'm but a childe,
 And all my reason is obedience.

Neand. Obedience to that Priest! —

Evad. Sir, he's my Father.

Neand. Who more esteems a heavie-headed fool
 (Who's but afraid to swear, thinks most old women
 Are Witches, and that dead-folks walk) although
 Not worth a groat, then him who owns at once
 A generous Fortune, with a generous Soul?

Evad. Sir, he's my Father; and who injures him,
 Ne'er pleaseth me. His part is to command.
 Mine is obedience. —

Neand. Nay *Evadne*, pray
 Hear this before you go: 'twill be the fruit
 Of your obedience, think ne'er of marrying till
 You see three caps, a narrow band, a mouth
 Mishap'd *By my Truly*, and the Cough —

Exit Evadne.

Neand. I perceive you'll hear no more of your servant,
 Madam: adieu. — What simpleton in all *Arcadia*, but this
 Priest, would not have married his daughter to my estate, had
 I been the veryest coxcomb in *Greece*? Why, so he might
 but have said his daughter My Lady such a one, and talked
 of her Gentleman-ushers, her Pages, and her women, who
 would ever have stood upon it whether her husband had
 been a Philosopher, or (as they call it) an honest man? Poor
Evadne, Thy Mother died too soon for thee; she (good wo-
 man) (I'll warrant her) would have made a hard shift to
 have sate at the upper end of my Lord *Neanders* Table, to
 have had occasion to make up a fine mouth, and said, My ser-
 vice to you Son *Neander*, before all the company: and then to
 have said to *Evadne*, Daughter, you don't help my Lord. She
 (good woman) would have thought of these things-----

and he shall go to her to learn more wit shortly.---

Evadne, I am mad; but it can't be,
Mad as I am, but I will marry thee.

Exit Neand.

Enter Cleantha and her Nource.

Cleant.-----Nource, where's *Endymion* now?

Nource. He's where he wants good company, I believe,
poor Lord.

Cleant. Nource, say not so, because his steadfast minde
Still leaves him with himself, and thus he'th still
The best of company---- My dear *Endymion*.

Nource. Come, come Madam, your Highness must
study to forget him now, and think of some other bo-
dy.-----

Cleanth. Forget him (foolish-woman!) I sooner shall
Forget that I have eyes, forget I have
A memory. Shall brave *Endymion* dwell
In banishment for me, and I forget him?---
Sure thou wouldst minde me of him, if I should.

Nource. Well, Madam, I wish your Highness do not re-
member him too much. I am glad you are alive yet, for my
part; now he's gone.

Cleant. Indeed, I speak, and do the offices
Of life as yet. But say, say, my dear *Nource*,
Did'st never see a Tree cut down in spring,
A while put forth his buds and leaves, as if
He'd been alive, until that sap was spent
Which he had suck'd from his life-giving Root:
And then he wither'd? ----

Enter King and Queen.

King. How do you Neece?

Queen. We are come to visit you in the absence of your
Lover.

Cleant. Your Majesties do always do me honour.

Queen. Indeed Neece, you ought to thank those who do
you

you honour, when you forget to do it to your self.

King. *Cleantha*, you are not too much discontented (I hope) at *Endymion's* departure. You are too wise to be so.

Cleant. Sir, whatever my troubles are, as they are my own, so I shall endeavour not to make them any other bodies.

King. Neece, you ought to look to the justice of the action, and so be satisfied.

Cleant. Indeed, there's little of mercy in it to be seen.

King. VVell Neece, I shall not dispute the business over with you again. The *Priest*, the *Queen*, and my self have done it already at large, and you seem to be resolved not to be satisfied with any thing but your own unreasonable desires. The action I have done is just, I thought it so, and I have done it, and will continue it, and you must be patient.

Cleant. Your Majesty may please to know, that I shall have so much regard to my self, as not to permit my impatience to be troublesome to other folks.

Exit King.

Queen. Come *Cleantha*, prethee be not sad. The Prince of *Macedon* will make a better Husband then *Endymion*.—

Cleant. It may be so.
And some one else will make a better wife
For him then I shall do.—

Enter Phronesia.

Queen. VVhat newes with you,

Phronesia?

Phronesia. Only a word or two, that doth a little Import your Majesty to know.

Queen. I'm going, wenck.

Cleantha, fare you well. I hope I shall
Next finde your Melancholy less—

Exeunt Queen and Phronesia.

Cleant.—VVhy should they call it melancholy, Nource? Love is not melancholy; this is cold,

I a

But

But that a burning flame; this dry, and that
 All tears.—But why this wonder?—Is it strange that such
 Are ignorant of Love, who never knew it?
 VWho wedded are indeed, but not because
 Their souls were equal, but their fortunes; not
 That they themselves, but Parents did agree.—
 And think they that *Cleantha*'ll do so too?
 Is she so small a needy Girl, to chuse
 A servant for advantage, and to love him
 Until next our Commissioners disagree,
 And then to be indifferent again;
 And never give account of her affections
 Till she've enquir'd first how the Chaffer goes?—
 No, my dear Nource, I better understand
 My present freedom, that true Monarchy
 I'm to my self, then on indifferent Parly
 To yeeld my self a cowardly Captive.—If
 I fall, 't shall be by storm; nor will I be
 Conquer'd by ought less then a Deity.
 To add unto thy triumphs, Love,'s no more
 Then that which Goddesses have done before.
 And this *Cleantha* may not blush to do,
 Although a Princess, and a Virgin too.

Nource, Madam, you are too wise; why should you not
 contented be to do like all the world?

Cleant. I ne'er examine, Nource, what most folks do
 But what all should do, and those few do practise,
 Whose real Vertue never blush't to be
 Brought to the test of reason. I can pardon
 Poor silly Lasses that believe their Granams,
 Who tell them 'tis a sin to intermix
 With those beneath them, (as though the rich and poor
 Were different species) whose Sunburnt modesties
 Can well dispence with th'loss of that pure state
 Nature had plac'd them in, for the advantage
 Of some convenient neighbourhood; but still
 I've no forgiveness for my self, should I

(Grown

(Grown now a woman, and endue'd with reason)
 Play with those Puppet-Vertues old folks give me,
 And (understanding my own whiteness) ere
 Dissolve that Snow but by a flame as pure.

Nource. VVell, Madam, I cannot dispute it with you.
 But sure I am, I should ne'er have got a husband on these
 Philosophical tearms.---It is well for me I was not so wise at
 your age [*Cleant. smiles.*] Why Madam, when I had loved any
 one (as that was no very hard matter for me to do when I
 was young) it had been ten to one if he had lov'd me again;
 and there I had been gone: Or if he had lov'd me, then his
 friends would not have liked it; and there I had been gone.
 Or if his friends had, then mine would have found some fault
 or other; and still I had been gone.---Madam, there is so
 much to do, to bring two young folks together that have
 any thing in the world, that should they refuse marriage on
 any tearms, old maidens would be as plenty as Crabs are in
America.

Cleant. Prethee Nource, no more.-----

Nource. Nay, I was resolv'd to put you out of your dump:
 you would have cry'd presently, if I would have let you.-----
 But, have you gi'en *Urania* leave to be wanting?

Cleant. Yes, she asked me to be a day or two with her
 Mother somewhere here in Town.

Nource. She look'd but ill when she went: I thought she
 had gone on some discontent.

Cleant. I know none. She went hence two days since, I
 think.

Nource. Then she should be return'd again.

Cleant. She may take her own time---Come, shall we go,
 Nource?-----

Exeunt Cleantha, and Nource.

Enter the King and Pyrrhus.

King.----Is't possible? ---It cannot be---
 My Queen,---My Queen an Adulteress! and with

My

My Priest too ! Could Heaven not punish me
But by it's representative ? In what can men
Confide, if sanctity and holy vows
Are nothing ?----

Pyrrh. I am amaz'd.----The Queen
And Priest in womans Cloaths (strange circumstance !)
To meet i'th' Grotto now this night ? sure 'tis
Impossible !

King. It must be so, unless
This *Geron* be quite mad, who's now secur'd,
And is content to die for't, if I see not
My self, with my own eyes, all this, this night.

Pyrrh. Heaven blefs me !

King. Ah my *Pyrrhus*, Heaven is just ;
'Tis we are wicked. In this very Grotto
I met *Urania*, and forgot my Queen ;
Though then I thought her faithful, and almost
VWhite as Virginitie it self.----

Pyrrh. 'Tis certain.----
But Heaven grant this metting prove no worse
Then that did.

King. Blest Heaven grant it may not.

Pyrrh. Your Majesty may yet prevent it.

King. I may
For this time doubtless.----But I will not harbour
That Devil Jealousie within my breast,
For all this world can give me. I'm resolv'd
To see the certainly my self. And if
It prove untrue, my Queen shall dwell with freedom
(As she hath ever done) in all my thoughts,
And her accuser fall her sacrifice.
But if she can forget her former Vertue,
I can forget my former Love, and be
As just as she is wicked. I can take
As true a pleasure then to see her blood
Drop from the fatal sword, as ere I did
To see it blushing on her cheek when erst

I thought her modest.---And for the Priest, whom I
 Have ever Father call'd, and have rever'd
 More in my thoughts than language, if he can
 Un-priest himself by wickedness, I can
 Be glad to see those hands in iron which
 So oft have blest me; to behold him burn,
 VVho hath burnt holy incense, and perfum'd
 All my Devotions with it---I can glory
 To let him feel this Truth, That 'tis Heaven's guise,
 Not to have beasts for Priests, but Sacrifice.

Enter Queen and Priest.

Look where they come.---Let us withdraw, it may be
 VVe shall hear something.-----

Pyrrh. Sure they see you.

Priest. -----And nothing is more common
 Then this, which is not thought a sin, because
 It seemeth rather an impulse of Nature----

King. Hear'st thou, *Pyrrhus*! ---

Queen. The King--

Priest. All happiness attend your Majestie.

King. I must contain.-----How doth my Queen?

Queen. Always happy whilst your Majesty
 Is so. -----

King. And what are you discoursing?

Queen. Nothing but good with this good person sure.

King. VVhat's that you talk of? that which is not sin
 'Cause an impulse of Nature? -----

Queen Smiles. What means your Majesty?

Priest. I know not how we came by chance to speak
 How little wantonness is thought a sin
 Because it seemeth an impulse of Nature;
 VVhereas the Vertuous still do fix their eye
 On the Command, not the Temptation;
 And think't enough, if what Heaven gives as Law
 Be possible, although not natural.

King aside. 'Tis well put off.---I shall never hold
 To hear this hypocrite.---Well, I must leave you.

Queen. I shall wait upon your Majesty

Ifc

If't may not be a trouble.

King. To you it may be.

Queen Smiles. That as your Majesty's pleasure is to make it.

Exeunt King and Queen.

Priest. How happy 'tis to see a King and Queen
Thus blessedly live together? —

Pyrrh. Heaven keep them so.

Priest. Play Heaven Amen.—My Lord, adieu.

Exit Priest.

Pyrrhus solus.

Did I but dare to disobey my Prince
In any thing, or call my self to counsel
Whether I should reveal a secret he'th
Vouchsaf'd to tell me, I would certainly
Prevent this Tragedy. My Queen and Priest
Should still be white and holy. But what Kings
Please to command, requires obedience, not
Examination: when they once have judg'd,
'Tis want of judgment if we dare judge too.

Enter King hastily.

King. *Pyrrhus*, I had forgot one thing. Thou knowst the Prince is expected here to morrow, and I doubt he will be somewhat early too. It will be necessary his coming be retarded untill this business be over, that I may know with what face to receive him, after all the glorious actions he hath done. I would not for a world his arrival should happen 'till the whole examination be over.—

Pyrrh. It will be an unhappy entertainment for his Grace.-----Would your Majestie please to have me go my self?

King. If thou canst handsomely do it, and be early back in the morning. It is but riding all night. In the morning I shall want thee.

Pyrrh. I shall do it with much ease, if it be your Majesties pleasure.

King.

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King. I shall leave thee to frame the excuse.

Pyrrh. I shall be gone immediately. Heaven grant I meet good newes to morrow morning. ——— *Exit Pyrrhus.*

King. I doubt that ———

Thus we with them in plotting do consent;

But they plot sin, and we plot punishment.

And little think they in how small a time

(Poor souls!) my justice shall o'ertake their crime.

Too happy were men, if they understood

There is no safety but in being good.

Exit King.

Finis Act. 4.

ACTUS 5.

Enter the King. He walks a while, then seateth himself in a Chayre.

King.—**U**Nfortunate *Basilus*! How just
Are all thy punishments proportion'd, Heaven,
To unjust men! — Yet should I dare to judge
Those happy Essences that dwell in Light,
And cannot erre, I should be apt to say,
My punishment exceeds my crime: my sin
Went never farther then th' intention, and
My sufferance is real. ——— But was't not
Solely your goodness that it rested there?
And must you not be just now, 'cause you then
Were merciful? ——— *[Enter Pyrrh.]*

Pyrrhus, undone ———

My eyes are witnesses. I saw them both

Enter the Grotto. ———

Pyrrh. The Priest in womans habit?

King. All's true. — The Queen hath been already
Examin'd by the Councel. — All she saith
Is, that she's innocent, but will not say
The cause which mov'd her to an action so

K

Suspected,

Suspected, though she die for't.---But such, *Pyrrhus*,
Are never innocent, who are asham'd
To vindicate their deeds when once their lives
Do lie at stake for 't.---

Pyrrh. Your Majesty was not present.

King. No, I leave them totally to justice, I
Shall make the Law their judge.---

Pyrrh. But pray

VWhat saith the Priest ?

King. I now expect to hear
Th' examination. It hath been very long,
Two houres at least. It's bad enough, for certain.
But here it comes. My Lord, you have been long,

[*Enter Lord of the Councel.*

But I expect no good, and therefore care not
If you had longer been.-----

Lord. An't please your Majesty,
Before I can give satisfaction to
Your expectations, I must humbly pray
You will be pleas'd to pardon the intreating
Your answer to a question, on which all
That we have done depends.-----

[*Pyrrhus withdraws a little.*

King. VWhat is it ?

Lord. 'T may seem too insolent---but the whole truth
Of all th' examination wholly doth
Depend upon it, Whether your Majesty
(For reasons known best to your royal self)
Did not one night command a little Lady
VWho waits upon the Princess, one *Urania*,
To attend you in that Grotto where
The Queen and Priest were seisd on ?

King. I did.

Lord. And she was there !

King. She was.

Lord. And was your Majesty

Assur'd that it was she ; or might it be
The Queen ?-----

King.

King. Her whispers were the Queens: *Pyrhus*
Knows what I told him. *[riseth.]*

Lord. Be happy then great Prince—
Your Queen is Innocent, your Priest is holy,
And *Geron* and *Neander* only are
The Criminals. ———

King. Relieve my wonder. ———

Lord. Hear,
Great Prince, in short, a plot, that seems contriv'd
In Hell by Heaven, to add more whiteness to
The Vertuous. ——— Here is the Priests confession.

[Unrolls a paper, and reads it.]

*The confession of the Priest, and his examination. With
the confession of Phronesia, Geron and Neander.*

That *Geron* came yesterday in the afternoon unto the Priest; and after much seeming troubled, told him, that he had some houres before over-heard a contrivance between the Queen and the Lord *Neander* to meet at eleven of the clock that night at the Grotto in the Garden; and that *Neander* was to be habited like a woman, and the Queen to be dressed like a young lass named *Urania* who waits on the Princess, the better to prevent suspicion, in case they should chance to be seen by any in their passage thither. This he asserted with much violence; and at last (after much discourse) the Priest was perswaded by him to attend the Queen there in the habit of a woman, instead of *Neander* (whose enterance he had promised to hinder, by shutting the door he was to pass at to get into the garden) and thus, when the Queen should begin to speak to him as her Lover, he should then make known himself unto her, and do his duty, in justly blaming her for so unvertuous an action.

King. Where ends this?

Lord reads on. This the Priest did. And he was not sooner entred into the grotto, but he found the Queen there before him. But the Queen seeming to expect his speaking first, and he not allowing his lips to be provided on this sub-

ject, told her plainly that she was mistaken of her Lover ; that he was her Priest : and then producing a little light he had concealed in a dark Lanthorn, he manifested himself, and perfectly discerned ~~the~~ Queen, although in a disguise. The Queen thinking her self bound to give an account of her being there, and yet very loath to speak the cause of it, at last told him, that as her Confessor, she would reveal unto him, that the King had of late somewhat an immoderate respect for a young lass named *Urania* belonging to the Princess, and that having forced a promise from the poor maid, she did (by the Lord *Endymions* means) easily perswade her self (for the securing of the Kings honour) to supply the place of the said *Urania*, (they having agree'd to have no lights, and to speak very low) which she accordingly had done for some nights before, and with such success, that the King returned rather satisfied in his reason than his Love.

King. All truth.-----

Lord reads on. But having re-assumed his desires, she had again this night a summons to the same taske, from a woman of hers nam'd *Phronesia*; which was the occasion of her being in that place. But all this she did very passionately desire the Priest to be secret in, in that it concerned so neerly the Kings honour.

King. And what then?

Lord. On this, we immediately sent for *Geron*, who after many threats confess'd as followeth: That the Lord *Neander* being crossed in his love to *Evadne* Daughter to the Priest, by the Queen, and Priest her Father, was resolved on a revenge for them both: and by removing them out of the way, to accomplish his design of marrying *Evadne*. To this end, he promiseth to *Geron* great rewards for the contrivance of the business, who accidentally (by his sculking up and down in every corner to watch his wife *Phronesia*, of whom he is very jealous) over-heard the agreement between *Urania* and *Endymion*, concerning the Queens supplying her place in the Grotto. On this foundation he founds the whole fabrick of his hellish plot. For sending his wife *Phronesia* (who having been horribly abused by him, was willing notwithstanding to purchase

purchase his respect at any rate whatever) unto the Queen, as from *Urania*, only with these words in her mouth, That she humbly desired her Majesty to think of her royal promise at eleven of the clock that night, and of the King, as she had been pleased to do some few nights before: the Queen (he knew) would on this resolve to be at that time in the Grotto. After which he goes himself to the Priest, and counts to him what is before repeated in the Priests confession. And in the last place, he had the impudence to come to your Majesty, and tell you what your Majesty was pleased to inform us of. And all this *Neander* and he were resolved to outface with oaths, in case it should ever come to be examined (for they supposed it probable that your Majesty would in fury have killed both the Queen and Priest on the place; which was the reason for which *Geron* perswaded your Majesty to have Pistols or a Stiletto with you.)

King. Wicked Villains! ———

Lord. After this, we sent for *Neander*, who, (amaz'd at his condition) confessed the whole business in the same manner. As also *Phronesia*, what *Geron* affirmed concerning her.

King. -- Blest Heaven, how are thy wayes just like thy orbs, Involv'd within each other? yet still we finde Thy judgments are like Comets, that do blaze, Affright, but dye withall; whilst that thy mercies Are like the Stars, who oft-times are obscured, But still remain the same behinde the clouds.

Pyrrh. May all your doubts and fears thus terminate.

Lord. Thus are you shaken, to be more confirm'd.

King. *Pyrrhus*, send for *Urania*; she shall wear This day the just rewards of Vertue. I

Will visit my brave Queen, who rather chose

To die unjustly as a Criminal,

Then that her Lord should justly so be term'd.

For which I will proclaim my fault, since she

Will have the glory of concealing it.

Exit Pyrrhus.

Lord. Heaven bless your Majesty.

King. My Lord.

I'd have the Council with all speed remove

Into

Into the Hall, where before all the Court
I'll bring my Queen in triumph, there to hear
Her base accusers sentenc'd.

Lord. It shall be done

Exeunt King and Lord.

Enter Evadne weeping.

Evad. Alas *Evadne!* miserable Maid,
Why didst thou ever begg to leave thy cell
(Where thou didst never injure any one)
To see this place, and here in some few weeks
To do more mischief than whole Generations
Can parallel? — Unfortunate *Evadne!* —
It had been better thou hadst ever dwelt
In those retirements, where small sins seem great,
And great Devotions small, where folks make conscience
To taste of any thing that ever bled;
Then to be found there, where the blood of Queens
And Priests are sacrifices to the Malice
Of wicked Men. — Is this to be at Court? —
Ah poor, poor Girl! How hath thy Ignorance
Deluded thee? — And 'twas but just that she
Who did begin to disobey her father,
(Until he gave her new commands) should be
Punish'd by that which tempted her. It is
Enough she's innocent, although she prove
Unfortunate. Whatere *Neander* did,
Heaven knows I never knew. — Yet I much doubt
I'm somewhat guilty, 'cause 'twas for my sake.

Exit Evadne.

*Enter the Lords of the Council, and seat themselves.
Enter a guard of Souldiers with Neander, Geron,
and Phronesia, who are placed at the Bar, as
Prisoners to receive sentence. Enter Musick;
then the King leading his Queen crown'd, and in
royal apparel; after them the Priest. They
place themselves on high in the middle of the Coun-
cel*

*cel, and the Priest somewhat lower next the King.
Then this Song is sung.*

Thus from the Prison to the Throne
Vertue comes to claime her own :
And now appears
Upon that Throne a Star,
Who lately at the Bar
Stood only Jewel'd with her Tears.

1. Great Queen

2. Great Queen.

Chorus

Whoever was so well content

To suffer, and be innocent ?

To suffer, and be innocent ? Exit Musick.

Enter Gentleman leading Urania.

King. The fair *Urania* ! Madam, I must this day

[Turns to the Queen,

Do honour to this Virgin. — And since it's

To noble natures a more pleasing taske

To give rewards to Vertue, then punishments

To wicked folks ; I'll in the first place shew

How lovely justice looks, when we are good ;

And only sin makes her seem terrible. —

Urania, approach us. —

Gentlem. Ah, great King !

Urania's place (I doubt) will nearer be

The Bar then Throne —

King. What mean'st thou ?

Gent. See, O see

Those cheeks that lately beauty wore, now pale

With guilt. —

Urania weeps.

King. Her crime. —

Gent. She'ch lately had a childe.

King. How know you this ? —

Gent. By a strange piece of chance :

For

For being sent in haste by my Lord *Pyrrhus*
 To bring herto your Majesty; by chance,
 I learnt of one o'th' servants of the Princess,
 Near to what place he thought she was: and when
 I made enquiry there, at a small house
 I was acquainted at, the woman told me
 She thought her I enquir'd for was i' th' house;
 And asking of me many circumstances,
 She told me surely it must be the same:
 Only (she did in private add) she took her
 Not for a Virgin — (And as we thus discours'd,
Urania chanc'd to pass before the door.)
 A Virgin, said I! It may be she is married;
 What, hath she had a childe? she told me, Yes,
 (Though much in private) but 't was very much
 Before her time; and she affirms she's married,
 As did her mother, who this morning left her.
 At this, I went in where I saw her enter:
 And after some examinations, she
 Confest she'd had a childe; but said withall,
 She had a husband too, and one who would
 Dare own her for his wife: but would not tell me
 His name or dwelling; and was very loath
 To move a foot with me, but meerly by
 Constraint as 'twere. —

King. And is this truth, *Urania*?

Lord. Speak to the King. —

Urania. It's true.

King. And who's your Husband? —

2. *Lord.* Be not ashamed to name your Husband, Madam:
 'T will be your shame if you name none.

Urania. I'm not

ashamed to name him, but affraid. —

King. What is it?

Speak — — —

Urania. I dare not disobey, and by my Lord
 I am authorized to name him when
 My Honour shall be question'd (who's more tender

Of

Of that then of his own)——

Lord. Name him.——

Urania. It is

The great *Theander* !

Queen. The Prince ?

King. What, are you marri'd

Unto the Prince *Theander* ?

Kneels.

Urania. O pardon me, great King,

That I refus'd not to be taken from
A Cottage to the bosom of a Prince,
On such conditions as we dar'd to call
The Gods to witness.

King. Whether she be his wife,
Or only dare's affirm it, though she were
More to me then my hands or eyes, she should
Die ere I sleep.—— The Prince in some few houres
Will be in Town—— If what she says be false,
This news shall be his welcone.-- But if true,
'Tis fit his coming be too late to save her.

Uran. Ah great Prince !--- Pity the distress'd, who hath
No friend to plead her cause--- All I affirm
Is truth--- *Theander* is my witness. See

[*Takes a letter out of her bosom.*

That noble name.----- This I receiv'd from him
Not three days since.-----

King reads it, and gives it the Queen

King. 'Tis so. But know, *Urania,*

My Crown will prove too heavie for your off-spring,
Nor may I mingle blood with those small folks
Who dwell in Cottages. Heaven, it seems,
Would not permit so foul a stain upon
My Family, but hath condemn'd to death
(What men in justice could not) that poor infant
Whose only guilt was, that it must be born.----
No, know *Urania,* 'tis enough you have been
VWife to a Prince some months; you've liv'd enough
In that small time: Now 'twill behove you to
Prepare for death; this day within three houres

L

You

(74)

You are to loose your head, 'cause 'tis not fit
To wear a Crown.---- Marshal, take her hence.
Let all things be prepar'd. I'll see her dead
By two this afternoon.

Uran. Is there no mercy then?
Heaven help the friendless.—Such must never cry
To men for help, whose crime is poverty.

Exeunt Marshal and Urania.

King. My Lords, had not this accident befallen me,
I'd been too blest. VVise Heaven doth see't as fit
In all our joys to give us some allays,
As in our sorrow comforts: when our Sails
Are fill'd with happiest winds, then we most need
Some heaviness to ballast us. These are
The ways of Heaven, and we who are but earth
Must all submit. I am afflicted for
The poor *Urania* ---- But the Gods have sure
(In death) rewards for those who sometimes fall
Not for their crimes, but through a kind of sad
Necessity.--- I'm to proceed now to
A far more willing task, the sentencing
Of those most wicked persons at the Bar.---
Neander I condemn to loose his head
Tomorrow morning, which I will have plac'd
Over his Lodgings, to shew those heads who dare
Contrive their Princes harm, do only meet
VVith such advancement. *Geron* I adjudge
To die in Chayns, that hunger may devour
That little body malice yet hath left him.
(A proper Lent for such a sinner.) And
(Cause what *Phronesia* did, she did not know;
She ly'd, but did not know the consequence.)
Her I condemn only to banishment.
And thus I hope to expiate the thoughts
I've had of my chaste Queen, and holy Priest,
Through those mens wickedness, and teach the world,
That such who dare be traytors to their King,
Do on themselves the certain't ruine, bring.

Omnes.

Omnes. Heaven bless the King, and may our eyes still see
Such Justice done on all that traytors be. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Cleantha and her Nource.

Cleantha. Alas, *Urania* ! ---- Now thou hast unriddl'd
How thou couldst understand, and yet accept not
Endymions Love. ---- Poor Heart, I pity thee. ---
Endymion now will be more banish'd, when
He hears *Urania's* dead. --- Ah *Urania*,
VVould thou hadst a crime to die for, that
My just *Endymion* might less bewail thee.
VVhere can he now relieve himself? If Vertue
Be not security, who can be safe? ---

Nource. VVhy Madam, here was now a marriage made
According to your Highness principles,
Purely for Love; without consideration
Of Portion, or equality, or friends;
And here you see the end on't. ----

Cleanth. Silly woman,
Talk not so Idly. ---- Had they understood
The force of Love, who thus condemn'd *Urania*,
They ne'er had done it. And shall we disesteem
Religion, 'cause folks often suffer for't?
And think it is not true, because 't hath Martyrs?
Wert thou not old, thou mightst be brought to know
There is a Gust in death when 'tis for love,
That's more then all that's taste in all the world.
For the true measure of true love, is death;
And what falls short of this, was never love:
And therefore when those Tides do meet, and strive,
And both swell high, but love is highest still,
This is the truest satisfaction of
The perfectest love: For here it sees it self
Indure the highest Test, and then it feels
The sum of delectation, since it now
Attains its perfect end, and shews its object
By one intense Act, all it's Verity,

VWhich by a thousand, and ten thousand words
It would have took a poor diluted pleasure
To have imperfectly exprest.---

Aside.

Nource. Heaven bless me!

I do not wonder Lovers oft run Maz'd,
That think at this strange rate. 'Twill crack my skull
To hear it longer. ----- Madam, will you not see
The execution?-----

Cleant. Not for ten thousand V Worlds.---

Nource. It is at hand.----

Cleant. Poor *Urania*! I

Can find no friends on earth to help thee; now
I will address my self to Heaven for thee,
VWho only can reprieve what Great-folks have
Condemn'd to Ruine, and 's the sole defence
Through all the world, unto weak-innocence.

Exeunt Cleantha and Nource.

There appears a Scaffold covered with black, with many Spectators about it. The King is present himself to see the Execution done before the Prince his arrival, which was at hand. Enter Urania in Black, weeping; led by two of the Princess's Servants in Black.

King. Poor heart! did I not fear the Prince's coming,
I would not see so sad a spectacle.-----
But I'll retire a little.-----I'd have her live
As long's she may.-----

[Urania casts her eyes on the Executioner.

Sheriff. Retire 'till you are call'd to do your office.

Exit Executioner.

The two Gentlemen who attend her, conduct her to the Raysls of the Scaffold; where having wip'd her eyes. she speaks thus to the People.

Uran.---Did any thing but my own innocence
Lie now at stake (which now is all I've left
To comfort me) I should not dare to speak
Before so many Persons. But, (though I
Must quite despair of Mercy in this world,
I hope I may find Charity, and that

Good

Good folks will credit a poor dying Person,
Although she bring no witness but her vows.

All I am now condemn'd for, is my Birth.
That I was meanly born (which seems indeed
A Punishment, but not a Crime) (or if
It were, I could not help it sure) for this
I'm doom'd to suffer, and my poverty
Must be reliev'd with death.---- But though I can
Find no forgiveness in the world, I'm glad
I find it in my self. I freely can
Forgive who e'er have injur'd me, if any
Have done so (for I cannot tell) and this
Is some ease to me ; though, perchance, the living
Do little heed the pardons of the dead.
I do not know I ever hurted any :
But if I have, I hope, they will forgive me,
Only my Lord *Endymion* I did once
Delude, to save my life (would Heaven I had not.)
But he is merciful to others, though
He'th met with little for himself.---- I do
Confess, I'm marri'd to the Prince : But he,
He sure will witness for me, 't was the Effect
Of his own choyce : I never did presume
To think it, ere he told me 't should be so.----
Since when, how faithful I have been unto him,
VVitness O'Heaven, and those powers who know
The thoughts of every one ; and only dare
To quit whom Kings condemn. And though I must
For this now suffer death, I cannot wish
It never had been so, because it was
The Prince his pleasure ; whom to contradict,
VWere more then death to me.---- And yet I feel
That death is bitter.---- 'Tis an enemy
Looks cruelly on those who have no friends
To speak a little comfort to them.---- 'Tis hard
To undergo the greatest Task alone. -----
But, 'tis my Fate, and Heaven must be obey'd;
VWhose ways, although they seem obscure to men,

Are

Are known unto it self, whose eyes increase
 VVith it's own dark nefs still. And't were not hard,
 Now men have judg'd me thus unfit to live,
 VVould Heaven assure me I am fit to die.-----

'Tis a long Hazard that folks run in death :
 And a short warning rather doth disturb
 Then fit those for it, whose poor judgments ne'er
 Judge well, but when they doubt themselves. We't not
 For this, I could be well content, though young,
 To find that Quiet in a Grave, I've mist
 Among the living, and close up those eyes
 That have of late beheld so little pleasure,
 And that must see the brave *Theander* blam'd
 For his unworthy choyce, his judgment question'd,
 VVhich were a living death, not to be bought
 VVith all this world can give.--- But I too long
 Detain you with complaints, whose business is
 To see me die.--- Live happy, brave *Theander* !
 May all thy sorrows die with thy *Urania*,
 And all those joys live with thee, which she took
 In thy contents.----- May't thou be Happy in
 A princess, Great, as thy own Merits, Bright
 As thy own eyes, and Vertuous as
 Are all thy Thoughts ; and may she honour thee
 As truly as thy poor *Urania* did. -----

Enter Executioner.

She weeps.

Execut. Are you ready, Madam ?----

Uran. VVho is this, Sir ?----

Gent.----Madam.-----

Uran. VVho is it, Sir ?

Gent. Madam, It is your destiny.---

Uran. Is this he ?----

Sir, can you instruct me what I am to do ?

I never yet saw any body die.----

Gent. You must kneel down.

Uran. How will he strike ?

Gent. VVith all the mercy that he can.-----

Execut. Madam, when
 You've

You've ended all you have to say, be pleas'd
To kneel--- Your face that way--- And give some sign
When I shall strike-----

Uran. Pray Sirs be near me
VVhen I do fall. I cannot tell what postures
Death may allow of.-----

Gent. You have our promise, Madam.

Uran. And when I'm dead, pray Sirs, pray Sirs, permit
None but my Mother fit me for my Grave.
She will be careful of me ; she will pay
Holy Devotions for me, and bedew
With pious tears that Face she still hath lov'd.---
And may blest Heaven give comfort in her sorrows ;
And all those Stars which have been hard to me,
Be merciful to her.---- May my Misfortune
VWork on her only a more true content
In the low Sphere she so securely moves in.----
Blest Heaven assist me.---- Sirs, farewell. Present
My humble Service to my noble Princess,
With thanks for all her favours in my Life,
And charity in death.---- The gods reward
Your mercy, Gentlemen.--- Blest Heaven assist me.

[She kneels, and the Executioner bares her neck.]

Uran. Pray--- expect the sign.---

Execut. I shall.---

Enter in haste Parthenia, Urania's Mother.

Parth.--- Stay, stay the fatal blow.

The King hearing the noyse, comes forth.

King. VVhat's this ?---

Parth. A miserable Mother come to save
Her only Childe.---

King. Executioner, do your office.--- Quick.---

Parth. --- Great King! --- Dread Sovereign, hear,
Hear a distressed Mother.--- Hear for their sakes
That at your death must hear you.---

King. What will you say ?

Parth. My Childe is innocent.---

King. Do your office, Executioner.

Parth. O ! stay, stay.--- Great King, *Urania* is

A.

A Princess born.---Her father was a King. ---

King. What say you? ---

Parth. *Urania's* father was a King
Great, but unfortunate.---The King of *Thrace*.

King. It is not possible.---The King of *Thrace*? ---
And what are you? ---

Parth. Great King, I'm now your Subject,
My name *Parthenia*, and my habitation
A little Cottage: But I once was known
By th' name of *Cleopatra* (great in Birth,
But greater in misfortune) and was wife
To *Pyrocles* the Vertuous Prince of *Thrace* ;
Of whom, all that remains, besides his fame,
Is this poor childe, for whom I beg your mercy,
Not to extinguish with one stroke all that
The strokes of Fate have left among the ruins
Of a late glorious Family.---

King. Her language.
Bespeaks her something else then her mean habit.
'Tis strange.---But, how do you make good
What you affirm? --- How came you to *Arcadia*?

Parth. Will your Majesty be pleas'd in short
To hear my story? ---I shall be brief.---

King. Say on.
But if you speak not truth, you shall partake
Your daughters Fate.---

Parth. Let heaven be my witness ;
And if I lye, my Executioner.

I shall not now repeat the long misfortunes
Of my unhappy Prince, by that dire War,
His Rebel-Subjects rais'd against him, through
His too great goodness. These reports enough
Already have afflicted all good ears,
And all good hearts.---I now shall only tell you,
When he had acted out his Tragedy,
And wicked hands had made him glorious
By patient suffering all that Malice could
Inflict upon his person. They next come

To his Relations. How they did betray,
 And butcher divers of them, all have heard,
 And I have felt.—I having now remaining
 Of all my Treasure, this poor Jewel only
 Some few Months old; and knowing how soon Kingdoms
 Seem to grow weary of th' unfortunate,
 Resolv'd (when all look'd strange upon me) to
 Retire to some small place, such as my fortune
 Could make my own, and there to buy my Peace
 With my obscurity, and learn to be
 Contented with a little, since Heaven thought
 Much too much for me. Hither then I came,
 Invited by the Peace of this blest Region,
 And purchas'd the small Cottage where I dwell,
 And learn'd to change my Scepter for a sheep-hook.
 And thus I bred this childe, and never told her
 Ought of her Father's or of my Misfortunes,
 Not willing to disturb those sweet contents
 She took in being all she hop'd to be,
 And all she understood: she felt no care,
 And with more pleasure govern'd her small flock,
 Then her unhappy Father his great Kingdom.
 And this was my content, and Heaven can witness
 How oft I've blest those Powers it doth contain
 For this condition, and how little I
 Have envi'd any one. But Heaven that oft
 Affronts the highest Probabilities,
 And gratifies by ways were never thought of;
 T'incourage men to pray, but not prescribe:
 When all my greatness now was set; when I
 Had lost the Twi-light too of hope, and was
 Gone far from all my Losses to forget them:
 When my great Palace, where I once commanded,
 Was shrunk into a Cottage to obey in;
 When I despair'd to see *Hrania* great,
 (The only spark that still kept in my Life)
 And only pray'd she might be innocent:
 In this low Ebb, when all my hopes were grown

More prostrate then my fortune, Heaven begins
 To dawn upon me, and instruct me, those
 Are neerer it who kneel in humble Cells,
 Then such as stand on tip-toe on high Towers.
 For now *Theander* makes *Urania* more
 A Princess then a Kingdom could, by courting
 Her as a shepherdess; and shews the world,
 That more then Chance conduced to her greatness.
 Immert persons may be born thus, but
 By wise folks, they will ne'er be chosen to it.
 And such *Theander's* known to all the world.

I could have told *Theander* the whole truth
 When he would needs aske my consent to wed
 My erst neglected childe, but that I would not
 Lessen those great contents he see n'd to take
 In his *Arcadia*, that a Cottage had
 Brought forth a person fit to be a Princess.
 But chiefly I reflected on the dark
 Meandrous paths of fate, and gratifi'd
 My former sufferance, by being now admitted
 Into its Councils, and the Prospect of
 Its hidden steps: 'Till now, it thinks not fit,
 I longer should enjoy the priviledge
 It hath deny'd the more deserving world.

For witness of all this, I do invoke
 Those powers who never testifie untruths,
 And here produce those small remains of Greatness

[*She shews several very rich Jewels.*]

Misfortune yet hath left me. See here, great Prince
 That so fam'd Jewel, which so many Kings
 Of *Thrace* have worn, and with such veneration
 Have still preserv'd, on an old Prophecie,
 This should preserve the *Thracian* Family.

King. I need no Testimony but those words
 All Queens might blush to hear from Cottagers.
 But is it possible so mean a place
 So long should hold great *Cleopatra*?
 How could she list her eyes to Heaven, beneath

So low a rooffe? When they look'd up for mercy,
How were they minded of it's Cruelty?
Unheard of Patience!--

Cleopat. Know, great Prince, and know it
From one who hath experimented greatness too;
When I had satisfi'd my self, in my
Endeavours of regaining my lost Rights,
And saw it all unprosperous (as if
Heaven long enough had giv'n one Family
The priviledge to govern other folks)
I was as well content to be the first
Must learn to act again with common people,
As he who first was call'd from them to rule;
And did endeavour by my Vertue to
Deserve again what (possibly) my sin
Had made me loose. And thus I found in patience,
As much content in suffering, as I did
In Moderation in prosperity.
And pay'd to Heaven, as true, as real thanks
For this, as e'er I did for that. —

King. Great Queen,
The Prophecy is now fulfill'd: That Jewel
Will serve to satisfie the world as much
Of all you say, as your own words have me:
And thus preserve the *Thracian* Family. —

[*Embraceth and kisseth Urania.*
Dear Daughter.----Still be happy----And forgive
Our ignorance.--- I cannot love thee better,
Then at that very time I did condemn thee;
I could as well have sentenc'd my two eyes.

[*Salutes Cleopatra.*

And pardon us, dear sister, if we first
Ask'd pardon where we did most need it.---Call
Our Queen immediatley, and tell *Cleantha*,
Urania is alive. —

Pyrrh. I shall be proud
To be the Messenger. —

Exit Pyrrh.

[*Trumpets without.*

King. What's that?---The Prince is come. —

Lord. The Prince is come. —

King. What will *Theander* say, to see his dear *Urania* thus attir'd at his return?

Uran. He'll say you're merciful.---

Enter Queen and Cleantha.

King. My Queen! See here great *Cleopatra*,
And call her Sister.--- Take *Cleantha*, take
Her thou hast wept for—*Pyrrhus* hath told you
All Heavens goodness.----

The Queen Salutes Cleopatra, then runs and embraceth Urania. *Enter Theander.*

King. See here the Prince.—My Son.—
Never more welcome.—Never did more joy
Spring from more sorrow. —

[*He fixeth his eyes on Uran.*

Theand. —Bless me, dread Sir!

What scene doth entertain me?—Are your joys
Express'd by sacrifice?—

King. *Theander*, take,
Take thy *Urania*, and wonder not
At any thing but her.—

Theand. My Triumphs more
Affright me then my conquests.—

Queen. My Son, be happy
In thy best choyce.—Let not thy wonder make
Us longer languish.—

Theand. Madam, I will believe,

[*Salutes the Queen.*

And hope in time to understand.--- Dear Cozen.

[*Goes to salute Cleantha, who steps back*

Cleanth.—Sir, when you first have done
Your merited respects unto the Queen
Of *Thrace*, your Mother; then to your *Urania*
I shall be thankful for the honour you
Too early do vouchsafe me.---

Theand. I must obey
What Heaven knows when I shall understand,

[*Salutes Cleopatra.*
This

This is an earlier tribute then I thought

[Embraceth Urania, who cries on him.]

To pay your lips.—My dear *Urania*, why
Dost thou conspire to my distraction?—Why
This Black? —And why these tears?—

King. Heaven bless you both;
And may your Loves encrease still with your days:
May you be fresh as spring, as Autumn fruitful,
And know no Winter of adversity:
And Heaven that hath done wonders in your Loves,
May it do wonders in th' effects of it.—

*They both bow to the King, and then step a little aside and
talk together.*

Enter Priest.

Priest. A day full of wonders.—

King. A day

All miracle.—How merciful is Heaven
To those it loves?—Who would be ever Bad,
When Vertuous folks are thus rewarded in
The midst of their distress?—

[The Prince returns to the company again.]

Theand. Cozen—

[Salutes the Princess.]

Your pardon.—Happy is this meeting.
I am oblig'd for all the joy I see

[Bows to the company.]

Start out of sorrow now at my return.

Cleant. Heaven give you joy of your *Urania*.

Theand. You have oblig'd me Madam, that you have
Dealt still so gently with your servant.

Cleant. She ne'er

Had been esteemed so, had you esteem'd
Me worthy of your Council, Sir; but now
I shall endeavour to repay her all
Those services I have receiv'd from her.

Theand. She's still your servant, Cozen.—

Cleant. *Aside.* How can there be such mirth; when brave
Lives sadly in an unjust banishment? *(Endymion)*

Theand. I long to ease my wonder, and to know

The

The story of great *Cleopatra* ; how
 She's been so long obscur'd to all the world,
 But, to her self. —

King. We'll find a scene for that,
 Less like the face of sorrow. 'Tis enough
Urania is a Princess, and had Fortune
 In ought but in her blindness been like justice,
 Had worn the Crown of *Thrace*. — Only my Daughter,
 My dear *Urania*, ask me on this place,
 I so have injur'd thee, what I shall do
 To expiate my ignorance of thy worth.
 Ask what thou wilt, I shall not find a tongue
 To give thee a denial.

Uran. Great Prince, I do not
 Want a request, had I but merit to
 Deserve it first, then confidence to ask it.

King. Ask it ; or you chuse the perfect'st way
 To disoblige me. — What is it ? —

Uran. It is
Endymion's Liberty. — 'Twas by his goodness,
 I liv'd to see this day, whose only Cloud
 Is his confinement. — Pardon the boldness Sir
 You're pleas'd to give me ; and the gratitude
 I hope the Gods will never take from me.

King. You have my word, do with it what you please.
Endymion shall have his liberty. —
 I shall give order for it. —

Theand. Your pardon Sir,
 If your commands already are obey'd.
Endymion is return'd. — I met him ere
 He was imbarqu'd, and having been inform'd,
 From my *Urania*, all his cares for her,
 I stay'd him, hoping from your goodness to
 Obtain his pardon. — For the love *Cleantha*
 So truly bears him, I have no more to say
 Against it, then against my own I bare
 To my *Urania*, when I thought her less.
 And since the Gods have made her great for me,
 'Twill be but gratitude in me to do

Some

Some of their business for them, and reward
 So brave a Vertue as *Endymion* owns,
 And make him great for his *Cleantha* too.
 Especially, since by their goodness, I
 Have power to do it. — The war in *Thessaly*
 Hath found a happy end. — And there I've left
 Those hands which made that Scepter stoop, who now
 Want but a scene to do new wonders in.
 And this may prove rebellious *Thrace*, if you
 (Dread Sir) approve it. fit I wear that Crown
Urania gives me. In this expedition,
 And in this conquest too, the brave *Endymion*
 Shall be my second. — What shall I not expect from
 Such Vertue and such Valour when they meet?

King. I have of late receiv'd such mercies, that
 I cannot think of any thing which looks
 Like cruelty. — And in my condemnations,
 Heaven hath done miracles, to keep me from
 Horrid injustice. Therefore wonder not,
 All that you ask is so soon granted you. —
Cleantha, take then thy *Endymion*, be
 More blest in him then greatness e'er could make thee.

[*Cleantha bows.*]

Queen. And now you're doing works of mercy Sir,
 Hear one intreaty more, (not for their sakes
 For whom I ask, but for this days sake, which
 Hath been a day of mercy to us all.)
 Let not *Neander*, nor old *Geron* die.
 A banishment for life, will more prepare
 Them for their deaths; and thus your mercy shall
 Best fit them for the mercy of the Gods.

King. What you propose, hath much of piety
 And mercy too (the works of this day) and
 Mayn't be deni'd. — And now I've one request
 To you my honour'd Priest (because I'd give
 Joy to all honest hearts this day) your leave,
 That *Pyrrhus* (my best confident) may serve
 The fair *Evadne*. —

Priest.

Priest. Great Prince, I am oblig'd,
My poor *Evadne* is so much your care:
It shall be mine, she still shall think that best
Your Majesty is pleas'd to chuse for her.

Enter Endymion.

Theand. *Endymion!* Why so slowly to thy joys?
Reap here the fruits of gratitude and mercy,
And see those Stars again thou dost adore.

*Takes him by the hand, and leads him to Cleantha, who
kneels down and kisses her hand.*

Cleant. Welcome, my Lord.——

Queen. My Lord, you're welcome from your banishment.

King. You've only now this Ladies leave to ask
For any thing you'd have——

Endym. I'm happy in
Your royal mercy Sir, and hope in time
To be so too in hers.——

King. You need not fear
Your sentence, when *Cleantha* is your judge.—
But let us all away, and satisfy——
Our selves with what we've so long travell'd with;
And let the world learn from this story, though
Heaven may a while correct the Vertuous,
Yet will it wipe their eyes again, and make
Their Faces whiter with their tears. Innocence
Conceal'd, is the stolen-pleasure of the Gods,
Which never ends in shame, as that of men
Doth oft-times do; but like the Sun breaks forth,
When it hath gratifi'd another world,
And to our unexpecting eyes appears
More Glorious through it's late obscurity.

Priest. Unvertuous folks a while may find some Rest;
But in the end, the good are only blest.

Exeunt Omn.

F I N I S.

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